The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1904.

The Week.

With the current week ends the Presidential canvass, the least excited, noisy and demonstrative—we might almost say the least conversational—within the memory of man. This paradox—in view of the spectacular attributes of one of the candidates, as well as of the number and gravity of the issues at stake—has engaged the attention of the thoughtful, and awaits the light which the election may throw upon it. No single issue has asserted its preëminence, and no bugaboo has been maintainable since Judge Parker took the currency out of the debate. "The Street" has been absolutely unaffected by the political movement. Indeed, the chief interest of the hour has attached to State rather than to national fortunes. The feeble signs of life in the Republican machine corpse, evidenced by what has been going on in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Massachusetts; the revolt against corruption in Missouri—have saved the periodic function from being stale and featureless; and that way lies the hope of reform.

The remarkable enthusiasm at the Parker meeting at the Madison Square Garden on Monday night—so great that, for a wonder, it could not be rated as a "frost" in the headlines of the Republican organs—is but one sign more of a rising Democratic tide in this city and State. No one can be blind to it, whatever inference he may draw. New York, we may remark, has been more familiar with Mr. Roosevelt's career than any other portion of the Union, and is therefore in a position correctly to measure his value and usefulness. In this it does not need any assistance from Messrs. Hay and Root and other official apologists and eulogists. Judge Parker's speeches are certainly of the kind to win him votes wherever he goes, for he is direct, earnest, sincere, and weighty, and makes friends the instant he shows himself. In discussing the tariff on Friday, he was both lucid and forcible. His illustration should have brought home to his listeners the real nature of the burden which the tariff lays on the shoulder of consumers. If, he said, a collector went through the country urging that every man, woman, and child contribute according to his means to the coffers of the United States Steel Corporation, the proposal would be received with jeers. No argument could persuade people that "the good of the country" required from everybody even a small contribution toward the wealth of the Trust. And yet under the tariff these levies are forced upon the consumer indirectly.

While the commissioning of Gen. Leonard Wood and Collector Crum during a "constructive recess" of the Senate is not one of the great issues of the campaign, it is yet extremely interesting for the light it throws on Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the constitutional limitations of his power. The Parker Constitution Club, therefore, made a wise selection in devoting its third report to this subject. On what is primarily a legal question, the opinion of the eminent lawyers whose names are signed to the report should carry great weight. But, to the layman, the lesson of the whole transaction is very simple. The straightforward, shoulder-hitting Administration, in order to keep a few favored military and civil appointees in office, resorted to the most pitiful and hair-splitting of technicalities. The notion that, between twelve o'clock and twelve o'clock of a certain day there was a "recess of the Senate" within the meaning of the Constitution, as the Club's lawyers put it, "finds its parallel only in the arguments of the Scholiasts." A veteran legislator like Senator Hale called it "a strained construction of which I have never been able to find a father," while so adroit an advocate as Senator Spooner said, "I do not intend to give approval to the notion that there can be a constructive recess." The "chimera ruminating in a vacuum" belonged no more exclusively to the realm of metaphysics than Mr. Root's explanation that "there can be no end of a session until a time is reached when there is no session, and the time when there is no session is a recess." The question is not merely a nice point for the lawyers, bearing only on some appointments and the collectorship of one district. It has larger aspects. As the Constitution Club states, "he [the President] attempted to make a permanent appointment by means of a succession of temporary appointments, thus seeking to do indirectly what he was not permitted to do directly. Such a proceeding constituted a most serious and menacing departure from the Constitution."

For one who has had so much experience with Philippine affairs, Secretary Taft made a remarkably inexact statement in Brooklyn the other day. According to the newspaper report of his speech he said: "By taking Manila, Dewey took the Philippine Islands." But surely the Secretary ought to have known that the Court of Claims has passed upon this very question in the case of Warner, Barnes & Co. against the United States, in which the company sued for the repayment of certain duties levied between April 11, 1899, and November 15, 1901. When the case was argued, the whole contention of the War Department and of its officers who testified went to show that the duties levied were not collected in time of peace, or when the islands were under the actual control of the United States authorities. The Court of Claims held that, in the state of war existing in the Philippines, all things were done "as if the war had been a public one with a foreign nation." And it carefully explained that the treaty of peace merely gave the United States the right to take the islands and try to establish its sovereignty. Not until July 1, 1902, was this done, according to the Court of Claims, and then only by employing 126,468 soldiers and at a cost of 4,374 American lives. For Mr. Taft to give the impression to-day that the islands were ours from the moment that Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, is distinctly misleading.

"How would the Opposition's remedy of free trade in Trust-made articles hurt the Standard Oil Company?" asked Senator Beveridge in a campaign speech the other day. "There is no tariff on oil." It is true that the tariff law imposes no specific duties on oil, but Section 626 provides that in every case where a foreign country imposes a duty on petroleum and its products, the United States shall collect an equal duty on these same articles. Instead of there being no duty on oil, there are so many duties that it takes a sizable Government pamphlet to enumerate them. Russia's duty, for instance, is 1 ruble per pood, and is equivalent in our standards to $0.002852 per gallon. Allowing 8½ pounds to the gallon, the unit familiar to the consumer, the rates from the important foreign countries work out approximately as follows: Austro-Hungary, 15.6 cents; Finland, 1.7 cents; France, 6.6 cents; Germany, 5.5 cents; Greece, 29 cents; Italy, 35.7 cents; Netherlands, 0.8 cent; Portugal, 27.8 cents; Russia, 2.4 cents; Spain, 18.5 cents; Switzerland, 0.9 cent; Canada, 5.5 cents. Of course, in these cases we have practically delegated the power of fixing our tariff schedules to foreign Governments, but the duties are there; and so long as they exist it is idle to talk of free trade in oil.

Secretary Hay's presentation of the reasons for a second Hague conference should be of much help in making it a success. The Russian-British agreement for an international commission to in-

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quire into the actual facts of the North Sea incident makes the hour of the invitation timely. Indeed, the war in the East had already done that, for even if Japan and Russia should be unwilling to meet the other nations at The Hague, the horrible slaughter in Mantchuria should make the rest of the world the more zealous in the cause of peace. There are many questions of international law to be settled, upon which there should easily be agreement. The rights and duties of neutrals, the exemption of private property at sea, not contraband of war—these are matters never more pressing than at this moment. The new distinction between absolute and conditional contraband of war, and the inviolability of the official and private correspondence of neutrals, are fresh issues brought to the front by the activity of Russia's cruisers. How great a step forward in the law of nations their satisfactory settlement and definition would be is apparent if we but consider the dangerous friction between Russia and England over the Red Sea seizures three months ago.

A Washington dispatch to an Administration newspaper states that "a disagreeable impression" has been made upon the State Department by the news that the courts in Venezuela have decided against the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company. This was the case in which the company was sued for having financed a revolution against the constituted Government. We believe it is not denied that the proof was absolutely conclusive, being largely documentary, and furnished by a former employee of the company. But the fact that our Government is displeased at the decision, is not the most significant thing in the dispatch. It goes on to say that "the State Department has always reserved the *right to review the judicial proceedings* in this celebrated case, and has already more than once indicated plainly that it did not regard the step taken in the asphalt controversy as *legal*." There we have a fine illustration of Secretary Hay's announced purpose to treat our "sister republics on this continent" as equals. He proposes to interpret their laws for them. Their judicial proceedings are to be reviewed and overriden by him. He is to be their court of final appeal. The very statement of his position is enough to condemn it. It may be explained as a mere bit of that arrogant contempt for Spanish Americans which Mr. Hay has unfortunately too little concealed, but in any case it is an attitude at once unjustifiable and provocative.

Dr. Chandler, the anti-Addicks Republican who was nominated for Governor in Delaware, refuses to get off the ticket in the interest of "harmony" so that the State may be carried for Addicks and Roosevelt. He declares that he enlisted against Addicks until the end of the war, and that, no matter if others surrender, he will fight to the last. The nomination came to him, he explains, without his seeking, and was accepted on the distinct condition that it should stand until the votes were counted. So he declines to strike his flag to the piratical Addicks. To old-fashioned people this may seem an instance of unbending virtue; but the President's favorite doctrine of "the practical" and "the larger good" tells heavily against it. Impracticable Dr. Chandler should be made to understand that it is better for a dozen Delawares to be debauched by a dozen Addickses than for the party of purity and reform to fail to elect its President.

Gov. Garvin of Rhode Island has offered a reward for the conviction of bribers, $150 each for the first five, and $50 each for the rest. He will not, it is safe to say, bankrupt the State, not because Rhode Island will be free from bribery on November 8, but because the corrupters of that corrupt little commonwealth will, if we may judge the future by the past, be rich and powerful enough to escape punishment. The ring headed by Senator Nelson W. Aldrich has made the term popular government almost a mockery in that State; it buys and sells legislation and offices with an effrontery unsurpassed in Delaware under Addicks or in Montana under Clark. The condition of affairs was briefly described by Gov. Garvin in a speech at Olneyville last week. "Rhode Island people," he said, "are exploited by their Legislature. Their right to a just representation in the General Assembly, their right to an equal suffrage in the cities, their Constitutional right to have the three great departments of the State Government kept equal and apart, their right to a non-partisan judiciary, their right to a fair return from the granting of public franchises to private individuals, their right to the enactment of just laws without purchase—all these rights and many others are denied to the people of the State by the General Assembly." This year the Republicans are so nervous over the outcome that they are spending money with unusual liberality; and they have tried to strengthen the ticket by inducing Chief Justice John H. Stiness to run for Congress. The obvious purpose of this step is to divert attention from the disreputable ring to a respectable candidate. It is the old story of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

The death of Mr. Van Cott gives President Roosevelt what should be a welcome opportunity to put the local post-office on a sound business basis. In many respects its management has been disgraceful. We refer not merely to the political activities of the late postmaster, but to the fact that the New York post-office is years behind the great offices of Berlin and London. For this, Congress must, of course, share the responsibility, but every large business house in this city is aware that in efficiency and promptness of delivery the New York service is sadly lacking. The handling of newspaper mails is especially open to criticism, and repeated complaints bring no satisfaction. If Mr. Roosevelt feels as he used to feel about the need of efficiency in such an office, he will appoint a man of the type of the late Mr. Henry G. Pearson, whose bust stands near the entrance of the post-office building. What is needed is not a political leader, whether his tendency be in the direction of reform or otherwise, but a successful business man whose standing will of itself give assurance that he will properly conduct this great office without regard to the affairs of any political party, and with the sole desire to make the postal service in this city the best possible.

The subway opened last week adds to our habitable area territory at least ten times the size of Manhattan Island itself. The bearing of this upon social conditions can hardly be overestimated. Our tenement system at its worst has its basis in unchecked human greed, and only curbing legislation such as the new tenement law can stop it. But its peculiarity is that it comprehends all classes except the very rich, so that private dwellings have ceased to be built on Manhattan Island, less than 100 going up last year. With the new transit system, however, the man of moderate means will no longer be inevitably forced into five or six ridiculously high-priced and ill-ventilated rooms. At present, residential property within thirty minutes of the City Hall is valued at from $20,000 to $30,000 a lot; the new transit system, however, will ultimately bring into the same time limit an abundance of lots valued at $1,000, $2,000, and $3,000. Its effect is already illustrated in the movement of the Jewish population. Thousands of East Side families have moved up into the sections of Harlem penetrated by the new railroad. Great preparations are already under way to build up for their accommodation vast areas which have lain waste for years, but which are now brought within the hinterland of the subway. How a slight transit improvement impels the people from the flat to the one-family house is evident from the great growth of South Brooklyn since the trolleys crossed the bridge. Living conditions on Manhattan are not to be radically changed, for nearly all the vacant land is occupied and its great

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growth in population will keep up land values. But the subway will enormously increase the residential area, and give the city elbow room.

"Peace with honor" is Mr. Balfour's phrase for the adjustment of the North Sea imbroglio, and only the most dauntless Chauvinists of the British press take any other view. Indeed, to lament with the *Standard* that Great Britain has not wrung a more summary satisfaction from Russia is to regret that war is averted, for the affair was of extreme difficulty. Probably it never could have been settled by direct negotiation. The point of honor was involved hopelessly. Russia could not have cashiered an admiral overnight, and yet English indignation would tolerate no delay. England could not have remained long in the anomalous position of impounding a friendly fleet. Something must have broken before even the preliminaries of an investigation and amends were effected. Precisely because the point of honor was definitely in question, the reference of this controversy to a commission appointed by the Hague Tribunal is of the highest historical moment. It extends the principle of deliberation and arbitration to a class of cases generally supposed to be too delicate to admit of such a disposition. Recall only that virtually all existing arbitration treaties have excepted matters of national honor from the compact, as if offences too outrageous to admit the intervention of an arbiter might arise; as if, in short, methods of peace were all very well for purposes of business, but degrading when more serious national issues were at stake. Fortunately, Mr. Balfour and the Tsar have taken no such short-sighted view. On what is the most delicate punctilio that could arise, they appeal to an impartial commission for the facts. Nothing could more effectually discredit the theory that arbitration will forever be but a halting and limited expedient.

The reflections of the London *Times* correspondent on the value of the Tibetan treaty fall as coldly as soda after wine. He reminds all concerned that the treaty was made by a provisional government, whose engagements the Tibetans may or may not honor; in the name of a deposed sovereign, the Grand Lama, whom they venerate. It is recalled that the chief signatory, the Tashi-Lama, was being treated as a heretic and usurper while Lhasa lay under General Macdonald's guns, that the position of the Amban will be untenable when the British withdraw. In short, the signatories of the Tibetan treaty are precisely like the young clerks who serve as dummy organizers of great stock companies, with the difference, however, that, in the case of Tibet, no principals may ever be found at all. The moral of the whole affair is that quite as satisfactory a treaty could have been drawn and signed at Gyangtse or Calcutta. The march to Lhasa has been unproductive even of prestige, unless Mr. Balfour is willing to go the whole way and establish a crown colony on the roof of the world. In other words, Great Britain has been at infinite pains and expense to execute a formal instrument with a nation incapable of furnishing a bond. In the business world such incompetent parties are provided with guardians or let alone. Bülow, when reproached with the numerous secret conventions into which Germany had entered, declared the Empire to be extraordinarily "treatyable." Obviously this is not the case with Tibet. The real animus of the Younghusband mission appears in the retention of the Chumbi valley. The treaty is merely a soothing application for the British conscience.

Morally, Premier Combes was defeated on Friday. The Chamber voted a platonic condemnation of espionage in the army—a resolution absolutely without point unless the accusations against Gen. André were believed. Against such an expression of opinion a majority of four, on a vote of confidence, is of little weight. It is too early to know whether there is any foundation for the charges that Gen. André uses the army for partisan purposes and conducts an odious system of spying upon his officers. The character of the man makes it seem unlikely that such practices, if they exist, have his countenance. But the readiness with which M. Combes's normal majority of about eighty has melted away, shows the essential weakness of his position. On all anti-clerical measures he is strong; on all others most vulnerable. No Government of recent years has rested on so narrow a base. Friday's mishap, then, will presumably fix the Premier in his resolve to concentrate upon the abolition of the Concordat—the only issue upon which he can surely rally the discordant elements of his composite majority.

Premier Combes's bill for the separation of Church and State in France is surprisingly moderate. It allows an interval for the parishes to provide for self-support, promises to the priests a pittance of 400 francs annually for four years after the separation, as well as pensions for the high dignitaries of the Church now in service. Nothing about the change will be abrupt except the abolishing of the embassy at the Vatican. Considered broadly, the measure seems almost conciliatory, and unexpectedly regardful of the historic relations between France and the Holy See. It shows a very different spirit from the wholesale proscription which M. Combes visited upon the recalcitrant religious orders. In judging a measure of this importance, several questions arise: Is the policy desirable in itself? Are the means taken to secure it fair and honorable? Is it expedient? On all scores except expediency, much is to be said for Premier Combes's project of separation. The ideal for all nations is a free Church in a free State, but it is politically doubtful if at the present time France would be better off with the Church free. With the Concordat abolished, the Pope is at liberty to send Ultramontane bishops who could fill the parishes of every Department with scheming, disloyal priests, of which a natural consequence would be the formation of a Clerical party that might become formidable, and in any case would present a constant embarrassment to the Republic compared with which the Clerical perils imagined by M. Combes are so many phantoms. Some inkling of this danger he clearly has, since his bill provides for the continuation of the Ministry of Cults, a portfolio which, after the complete separation of Church and State, would seem as superfluous as a sixth toe. Evidently the Premier contemplates some ill-defined jurisdiction over the Church through such a ministry.

The London *Times* has discovered an interesting letter written by Li Hung Chang, a few weeks before his death in 1901, to Yung-lu, at that time one of the most influential of the Empress-Dowager's advisers. The Russian Government was then urging China to agree to a convention making the *de facto* situation in Mantchuria permanent. Li Hung Chang, always pro-Russian, desired the acceptance of Russia's proposition, and advanced some reasons why the Empress-Dowager should agree, which now sound very much as if he had had an insight into the future. If, he said, Russia was left in possession of Mantchuria, no serious harm would ensue, for in that event friction would certainly arise between Russia and Japan on the frontiers of Korea, and an actual conflict would be inevitable. To his own country he assigned the ignoble part of siding with the victor. Should the Japanese win, the proper policy for the Chinese, in Li Hung Chang's opinion, would be to join them in driving the Russians out of Mantchuria. In the other event, China should win Russia's gratitude and receive back Mantchuria by giving Korea to the Czar, and by aiding in the complete overthrow of the Japanese. Thus he felt certain that, either way, China would regain Mantchuria—a belief hardly to be shared by unbiassed observers of the Russian tenacity in holding on to any territory once acquired. But it is interesting to note that the present war was foreseen in China as clearly as in Japan, and this makes the Russian blindness to impending events all the more astonishing.

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MR. HAY ON PANAMA.

It was not necessary for Secretary Hay to come to New York to prove that his pen had not lost its cunning. One speech more could add little to his reputation as a man whose words, in Lady Gregory's phrase, "crystallize into epigrams as they touch the air." And it was not a literary treat that we had a right to ask of him—grateful as is the delicate play of his wit amid the rude bawling of the run of stump speakers—but a full and frank deliverance on matters of which he is especially competent to speak, and as to which his course (which is that of the President) has been sharply challenged. But we ask for facts and we get—phrases.

Now phrase-making has its perils. A clever verbal turn may excite immediate laughter, but if it sticks in the mind long enough to lead to reflection, the result may be laughter on the wrong side of the mouth. Thus, Mr. Hay on Wednesday week defined Mr. Roosevelt as "unsafe" only in the sense that a disinfectant is unsafe for a microbe. Excellent! Nothing could be happier, unless it suggested to the hearer to run over some of the microbes in the political world to which the Roosevelt formaldehyde has been applied with lethal effect. There was that deadly bacillus, *Quayicus Pennsylvaniensis;* but we remember that it simply waxed fatter the more of the Roosevelt disinfectant was poured upon it. Every one knows, too, how the said disinfectant acted rather as a restorative upon that venerable microbe, "Lou" Payn. And as for the most fatal of all the microscopic political wrigglers, Addicks, he is this day hailing Theodore Roosevelt as a friend and ally who is aiding the great Delaware corruptionist with what Addicks calls the "courage of his new convictions." Powerful disinfectant, this! The microbes themselves grin at it.

It was a natural supposition that Mr. Hay, speaking in Carnegie Hall, would pay some attention to the damaging revelations made by Senator Culberson in the same place a week ago. By them the scrupulous good faith, as well as the legality, of the Administration's course in Panama was roundly called in question. Had the head of the State Department no reply to make? It was John Hay the Secretary of State, not John Hay the literary artist, from whom we were entitled to demand a plain tale about all those devious proceedings. But we did not get it. He did not pass it by in entire silence. In that, his art failed him. It would have been better to ignore charges than to make a weak and inconclusive reply to them. And Mr. Hay's remarks upon the Panama business were far from going to the core.

He denies that President Roosevelt committed an act of war against Colombia, but his sole reason is that the peace was not broken. "Not a hostile shot was fired." But this, obviously, is to make the weakness of a victim the true measure of his assailant's virtue. Mr. Hay's definition of highway robbery would apparently be that the crime exists only when the assaulted traveller tries to beat off Dick Turpin. Equally short of meeting the case is the Secretary's account of what was actually done. He refers simply to "the notice given hostile forces on the Isthmus that they were not to fight on the line of the railroad, which it was our duty to keep open." As if that were the whole of it! Mr. Hay conceals the fact that the orders were to prevent Colombian troops from landing within fifty miles of the railroad; that Admiral Coghlan notified Gen. Reyes that his orders were to forbid the Colombians to land a force "anywhere within the territory of Panama." If this is not an act of war, what would be? If there was any warrant in law or treaty for such astounding orders, why has not somebody produced it? It seems impossible that the John Hay who made this evasion is the very same John Hay who wrote of another Government, in 'Castilian Days,' "There is a lack of principle in the higher walks of Government. It is not so much dishonesty as it is a total absence of conscience in political matters. . . . They have a brow of bronze when detected and exposed in a misrepresentation." It would have been almost better for the Secretary to drop into his cynical mood, and to explain his course in going with the President to do evil in the words of his own poem, "Una":

> "—— unhorsed I lay
> At the feet of the strong god, Circumstance."

To none of the new evidence going to show that the Administration had a guilty knowledge of the impending revolution in Panama, did Mr. Hay, though speaking on the defensive, deign to refer. Señor Duque, one of the Panama conspirators, has stated that he "knew" the revolution was to have the support of this Government. He says also that he called at the State Department more than a month before the revolution was brought off. Bunau-Varilla gave his word to the schemers in Panama that United States warships would appear in time to aid them—as they did. President Roosevelt himself wrote to Dr. Shaw on October 10, 1903, of a "proposition" made to him to "foment the secession of Panama," adding that, though he could not do that publicly, "privately, I freely say to you that I should be delighted if Panama made itself an independent State at this moment." Do not all these suspicious circumstances cry aloud for explanation? Could not Secretary Hay fairly be called upon to say something about them? Imagine the way in which he would have exercised his nimble wit and biting sarcasm at the expense of a Democrat caught in such a moral coil!

Panama has ruined many a reputation in France, and it promises to stand in history as the one great blot upon Mr. Hay's diplomacy. He early mishandled the situation, rejecting the proposal that alternative treaties be made with both Nicaragua and Colombia, before the final decision as to route was reached. That measure of common prudence would have averted all these subsequent troubles. But Mr. Hay clung blindly to the Nicaraguan canal, and would not even consider the Panama route — until the time came when, as Mr. Roosevelt wrote, the most competent engineers told the Administration that "we had better have no canal at all" than go to Nicaragua. Then it was too late for the diplomatic negotiations which Mr. Hay should have attended to years before; and the original blunder led on to one unhappy consequence after another, until the final wrong was done of attempting to make fraud and force do the work of patient reason. To defend all this is possible only in the spirit of what Mr. Hay, in the days when his ardor against oppression moved him to write the "Curse of Hungary," called the "weak worship" of the sword.

THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNORS.

The theory that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, ridiculous though it may appear to our enlightened age, was once held by a considerable number of Americans. Doubtless there yet survive among the lower classes a few victims of this ancient and formerly popular superstition. For the sake of these well-meaning but misguided folk, Secretary Taft last week offered to an audience in the backwoods of Brooklyn a new interpretation of the phrase "consent of the governed." Referring to a document issued July 4, 1776, sometimes known as "the Declaration of Independence," Mr. Taft asserted: "That Declaration, when it speaks of the consent of the governed, has reference to people having knowledge as to what are their own best interests."

Following the clue given us by Secretary Taft, we have examined with curious interest the musty document which for some inscrutable reason he thinks worthy of citation. To understand it fully without a knowledge of the circumstances under which it was drafted, is impossible; but on one or two points the signers of the so-called Declaration are reasonably explicit. They labored under the delusion that an unnamed "King of Great Britain," to whom they refer with amazing irreverence, was trying to reduce "these colonies"—thirteen are specified—to a condition of vassalage. From the tone of this Declaration it is evident that, although this King, like Secretary Taft, was the real

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possessor of superior knowledge, the silly colonists, just like the wretched Filipinos of to-day, thought they knew what was best for themselves. Between the colonists and the King there was a striking difference of opinion, as shown in the following sentences from the Declaration:

"He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

"He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained."

To a man of modern views the irritating thing about this Declaration is the impudent assumption of these colonists, thousands of miles away from the centre of light and authority, that they actually had knowledge as to what were their own best interests. In the very nature of the case such knowledge was impossible. They were scattered in small hamlets through a vast wilderness; they had scant means of communication; their schools were few and feeble. The King had by their own confession set over them able governors, who, like Gov. Wright in the Philippines, sent home word that everything was going well. And yet the Declaration of the colonists conveys a distinct impression of dissatisfaction. We shall be interested at some future time to follow the fortunes of these ignorant and ungrateful people, and to learn whether they ultimately received from a long-suffering King the punishment they so richly deserved.

In the meantime, we are glad to apply to one or two recent events the principle which Secretary Taft has enunciated so lucidly and vigorously. For example, some time ago a law authorized the payment of United States District Attorneys throughout the country by fixed salaries instead of fees. There were, however, such fat pickings in New York that an exception was made of this district; and Henry L. Burnett, the incumbent, receives, in addition to his regular salary, fees that in some years have amounted—so well-informed men are convinced—to at least $50,000. Here is indubitably an instance of extravagance and abuse. In order to ascertain how serious the matter might be, the *Evening Post* requested its Washington correspondent to ascertain how much the United States District Attorney for Southern New York has been receiving in addition to his proper salary. The very Assistant Secretary Taylor who has solemnly denied that there were "Administration orders forbidding the publication of information regarding Governmental expenditures," flatly refused this particular information. Attorney-General Moody was equally unwilling to make any disclosure. It is the money of the citizens that is being spent, but we plain people are too dull to know whether the expenditure is discreet or foolish; we must leave such questions to wiser heads, say, men like Beavers, Machen, and Heath, miracles of wisdom and probity.

Not always, however, are our gracious officials so unrelenting towards the erring. Some young Filipinos who are being educated in this country have, with the rashness of youth, expressed from the stump a desire for Philippine independence. What have the authorities at Washington done? Thrown the malcontents into prison, or returned them to the straw huts from which they came? No; the Washington dispatches show that the authorities have exhibited extraordinary magnanimity:

"It seems reasonably clear that the Administration could take these youths to task for participating in the Bryan campaign, but it is unlikely that this will be done during the present campaign."

There's the limit of forbearance. It has been said in extenuation that disciplining the boys would at once make martyrs of them, would advertise their sentiments more widely, and would neutralize the argument that Filipinos greatly prefer our rule. For our own part we impute higher motives than mere political expediency. Assistant Treasurer Taylor and Attorney-General Moody are probably unaware that an election is pending, but they know that the figures about extra payments to Mr. Burnett are not milk for babes like the general public, but meat for strong men like themselves. Moreover, they view the faults of the Filipino boys with detached impartiality. For this sublime tolerance, and for all other mercies let us be duly thankful, realizing that the essential thing is not the consent of the governed, but of the governors.

TAKING TO GIVE BACK.

"Does it matter," demanded Mr. Chamberlain indignantly the other day, when defending his proposal to levy protective duties, "if what I take in one hand I give back with the other?" That is protection in a nutshell. In other parts of his latest speech Mr. Chamberlain showed how well he had learned to parrot American protectionists. He reproduced with zest their contention that it is the foreigner who pays the tax; and, with an enthusiasm like their own, contradicted himself on the question of the effect of the tariff upon prices. English manufacturers simply could not compete with low-priced foreign goods; duties must be clapped on to protect them; yet the moment that was done, the goods would be sold to the dear English consumers at still lower prices. This is as amusing as it is familiar; but in no other particular did Mr. Chamberlain show more plainly that he had grasped the true theory of protection than in his account of it as a system of forcibly taking money from the people on the promise of voluntarily giving it back.

Economically, of course, this is the vicious assumption that fettered industry and commerce are better than free; that meddling legislators can improve on natural law. Governmentally and socially, it is paternalism in its worst form. The individual merchant or manufacturer does not know what is good for him, and would ruin his own business if left to go his own mad course. Hence a supernally wise Government steps in to "take" his money away from him by tariff taxation, comfortably assuring him the while that he will get it all back again. The bargaining nature of protection is of its very essence. When at its best, it involves the sort of striking of hands between the citizen and the Government which Mr. Chamberlain so innocently described. "Give me," says a protectionist Government, "all the money I ask in taxation, and trust me to take care of your profits."

But in this country the Republican party has pushed the taking and giving of protection far beyond these idyllic beginnings in England. Here and now, as a matter of actual fact, protection is a system of organized political corruption. Party managers go to the beneficiaries of the tariff and say with a meaning as yet undreamed of by Mr. Chamberlain, "What does it matter if we take money from you for the political campaign, provided we more than give it back to you in the shape of a guarantee that your law-swollen profits, your purchased privilege of taxing your fellow-citizens, shall be undisturbed?" This is the malign form of the protective *do ut des* in the United States. It is a sale outright of the law-making power. All the "frying of fat" out of protected manufacturers that has been done since Senator Plumb was frank enough to describe the process accurately, has gone upon the understanding that large subscriptions to a party fund carry with them the right to dictate the laws affecting the business of the subscribers.

Does any intelligent man doubt that this form of corruption is extensively employed to-day in order to promote the election of Mr. Roosevelt? A statement made in his behalf from Washington represents him as highly resentful of Judge Parker's charge that the Republican Committee is collecting large sums from Trusts and corporations dependent upon tariff favors. The President thinks that the character of the men conducting his campaign ought to be a sufficient answer to all such allegations. But a corrupt system cannot be made pure even in the cleanest hands. The angel Gabriel could not fry the fat without soiling his wings. And it is really not a question of character, but of fact. Is it or is it not true that Chairman Cortelyou or one of his agents has gone to protected manufacturers, to large cor-

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CARNEGIE BRANCH

porate interests, railroads, and Trusts, to ask for money to elect Mr. Roosevelt? If it is not true, it ought to be the easiest thing in the world to prove the charge a slander. Let the books be opened. Let Mr. Cortelyou deny categorically the statement that he has sought such contributions. Let him specify by name the manufacturing and other corporations upon which he has *not* made a request amounting to a demand. In that way he could speedily cover his accusers with confusion. But if the charge is true, what does it necessarily imply? Judge Parker was absolutely correct when he said that no corporation, as such, could make a campaign contribution except for dishonest purposes. It would be, in the nature of the case, a giving by the tens of thousands in the hope of getting again by the hundred thousand. It is, in effect, making merchandise of law; and is the last step in the perversion of justice as pictured by the great historian—first by force, then by fraud, finally by *money*.

This is the great shame and threat of protection as we know it. That the system is short-sighted, oppressive, outgrown economically and industrially, it is easy to show; but the feature of protection which to-day makes honest men eager to see it burnt up as a public iniquity is its insolent intrenching itself in public corruption, its unblushing purchase and subjection of a great political party, and the effrontery with which, having despoiled, it enters upon possession of the Government as if it were but one more of its chattels. If protection is ever to be destroyed, it must be by men who clearly see and loathe its immorality, its monstrous social injustice, and whose hearts burn within them as they confront privilege buying its way to power and asking brutally, "What are you going to do about it?"

THE VOYAGING OF A FLEET.

It is easy enough to poke fun at the elaborate preparations made by the Russian Baltic fleet, its slowness in starting, and the deliberation of its voyaging. But the public should not forget that the development of modern navies has made cruising in fleets in war time a very different matter from what it was in Nelson's day. Then your battle squadron could cut loose and scour the seas for months without the need of returning to a dockyard or a machine shop. There was no necessity for docking at regular intervals in order to maintain the efficiency of the ships; and as for repairs, there were few that the crews could not make at sea or to leeward of some sheltering island. Marryat's boldest cruisers sailed as well under jury masts as under their own spars, and their crews were trained to make good any injuries except the worst below the water line. If a ship stayed afloat at all after a severe engagement, her captain counted on making some friendly port.

With the modern fighting machines it is a wholly different story. The skilled mechanic is of as great value as the bluejacket—if not greater. Aside from that, a war fleet which is bound for a distant battle-ground must have auxiliary vessels and guard-boats not dreamed of in the days of Hull and Lawrence. Particularly is this the case when, as happens to the Russian fleet, there is no certain base of operations near the scene of hostilities at which the ships can refit. And the stringent international law as to coaling in a neutral harbor is a still greater obstacle to prompt progress. A ship may remain in a neutral harbor long enough to take in sufficient coal to steam to its nearest port. But, obviously, Vladivostok is not the Russian harbor nearest to Vigo. Hence all the coal which Admiral Rojestvensky's ships will require must be supplied by merchant vessels, either at sea or outside the three-mile limit, unless direct trans-shipment should be permitted in some such harbor as Tangier. Colliers are said to be already expected at Manila to await orders where to join the fleet. Doubtless there are dozens of colliers now making for ports all along Rojestvensky's route to the Far East. Some idea of the amount of coal needed may be obtained from Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge's estimate that the British China squadron needs in time of peace 46,000 tons of coal for a period of four and a half months' leisurely cruising. The London *Times* thinks that each battleship will require between 5,000 and 6,000 tons to reach its destination.

Next to colliers, the most important non-combatant auxiliary of the Baltic fleet is its repair ship, the *Kamtchatka*. Some of its cruisers are already reported disabled, and more are sure to be as the long journey goes on. The uncertainty as to the fleet's reaching Vladivostok and Port Arthur makes the *Kamtchatka's* presence all the more necessary. She is fitted with metal-turning and electro-technical machinery, with Wagrain smelting furnaces, a three-ton American hammer worked by compressed air, boring and cutting instruments, two steam cranes—in short, is a floating factory manned by the best workmen from private yards. During the war with Spain, the repair-boat *Vulcan* supplied thirty-one of our vessels with extra engine parts, material, and tools, repaired twenty-six others, and made innumerable minor repairs of guns and their equipments. England also has a *Vulcan* in addition to a *Hecla* and an *Assistance*.

According to the London *Times*, one of Rojestvensky's numerous auxiliaries is a hospital ship. If he has anything like the number of torpedo boats and destroyers assigned to him, it is safe to say that he has at least one "mother" ship from which they may draw supplies en route. A number of armed transports are also reported to be part of the Baltic fleet. If it includes a distilling ship, it would not be surprising, as these vessels have won permanent places for themselves in several navies besides our own, in which the *Rainbow* did good service. Even if the Russians have not yet come to a refrigerating vessel like the *Glacier* of the United States navy, they must have arranged for supply ships to meet their fleet en route. To protect the battleships there are the torpedo boats, destroyers, fast cruisers, and armed merchantmen which comprise what may be called the combatant auxiliaries.

Obviously, the modern war fleet is singularly complex and heterogeneous. Every vessel that cruised with Nelson was able to defend itself, and a powerful fleet of sailing warships, whatever its nationality, was able to keep together at a good speed in a remarkable way. With a fleet like Sampson's in 1898 and Rojestvensky's, the variations of speed between the various vessels are much greater. Side by side with a twenty-knot commerce destroyer there may be an eight-knot gunboat, repair ship, or collier. The presence in his squadron of one slow boat was Schley's excuse for his very leisurely progression from Cienfuegos to Santiago. In that case the services of the small vessel were purchased at entirely too high a price. As a writer in *Cassier's Magazine* recently pointed out, every such auxiliary adds to the responsibility of the commander-in-chief, and if it becomes a drag upon the fighting ships its value is very considerably lessened. If the armored cruisers and battleships could cut loose from all impedimenta and steam to the East at a uniform rate of fifteen knots for thirty days, their value would be enormously increased. This Rojestvensky could not do even if he abandoned his motley auxiliaries, because of the low speed of his battleships, limited coal capacity, and the fear of exposing himself to torpedo-boat attacks without his scouts to guard him. Hence it is a fact that in these days of ocean flyers and speedy freighters the war fleet bound for distant seas has made, proportionately, a much smaller gain in mobility and speed than suggests itself when we read of record trial trips of new cruisers or battleships.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT ST. LOUIS.

ST LOUIS, October 22, 1904.

The twenty-sixth annual conference of the American Library Association held during the past week in connection with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was in many respects a notable one. Though not international in name, it was more than national in scope, and the presence of many foreigners, most of them accredited delegates from their Governments or from uni-

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versities or libraries, gave a lustre to the meeting which the mere *name* "International" could hardly have increased. Austria, Belgium, Chile, China, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, Holland, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Norway, Peru, and Sweden were represented. Among the delegates were many well-known librarians, such as Dr. Guido Biagi, librarian of the Mediceo-Laurenziana in Florence, and editor of the *Rivista delle Biblioteche e degli Archivi*; Prof. Dr. R. Pietschmann, K. Dziatzko's successor in Göttingen; Prof. Dr. A. Wolfstieg, librarian of the Prussian House of Delegates; Dr. Aksel Andersson, vice-librarian of Upsala University Library. Belgium was represented by Senator H. La Fontaine, founder of the Institut International de Bibliographie at Brussels; the Library Association of Great Britain by Mr. L. Stanley Jast, chief librarian of Croydon Public Libraries. From Norway came the librarian of the Deichmanske Bibliothek in Christiania, Mr. Haakon Nyhuus. Dr. Biagi brought as a gift to the Association the first volume, recently issued, of the new edition of Muratori, and the Chilean delegate, Señor Bennett, several publications of the Chilean National Library and its director, Señor Montt. Circumstances had prevented the carrying out of the original intention to make this conference an international congress of librarians, but, in order to give official recognition to the Association's distinguished guests, they were all elected honorary vice-presidents of the Association.

Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, in his presidential address, alluded to the two previous conferences which had been held in connection with international expositions, in Philadelphia in 1876, and in Chicago in 1893. "It was inevitable," he said, "that we should meet this year at St. Louis; and it was appropriate that our programme should deal with those larger phases of the library movement and those questions of elemental economy which, at our ordinary conferences, have to give way to discussion of practical detail; and that we should seek to include upon it statements of the progress and problems in other countries than our own." Foremost in interest were considerations of some large international undertakings, in progress or suggested. Senator La Fontaine told of the work of the Institut International de Bibliographie, and expressed his hope for increased international coöperation. Dr. H. H. Field, the originator and for many years the sole supporter of the Concilium Bibliographicum in Zurich, sent a communication describing the present condition of that institution. Dr. Cyrus Adler of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the American regional bureau for the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature, reported on this undertaking, as did Dr. J. D. Thompson on the Handbook of Learned Societies which he is compiling for the Carnegie Institution under the direction of the Library of Congress. Miss A. R. Hasse of the New York Public Library urged an international catalogue of public documents, emphasizing its value to international commerce. Mr. W. D. Johnston of the Library of Congress suggested the preparation of an annual survey of library literature; this suggestion was referred to the Council for consideration. Mr. Jast presented a proposition from the British Library Association for a common code of cataloguing rules for English and American libraries. Mr. W. C. Lane, Harvard's librarian, read an exhaustive paper on present tendencies in cataloguing. While international coöperation seemed to him doubtful, coöperation between libraries of the same country was not only feasible but necessary. A joint acquisition list for some of the larger libraries, like the one published by the Swedish libraries, would be of great value in promoting inter-library loans.

Nearest to the heart of Dr. E. C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University, and first vice-president of the Association, was apparently the question of an international catalogue of manuscripts. This he thought to be of great practical concern to librarians. Inquiries as to the whereabouts of certain manuscripts known to be in America are by no means infrequent. There are two or three large collections of Oriental manuscripts in this country; of Greek manuscripts America has but few, and these widely scattered and difficult of access. Dr. Richardson would have his catalogue as a basis for inter-library loans. In Europe the facilities and courtesies extended to American scholars have been very numerous; it is regrettable that return cannot be made in kind to European scholars travelling in this country.

Among the other papers read during the week, mention should be made of Mr. Nyhuus's account of "State-Supported Libraries in Norway," and his own work as adviser to the Ministry in library affairs; of Mr. Henry E. Bond's accounts of "Library Development in Great Britain" since 1897; of Mr. Jast's on "Library Extension," particularly by means of lectures, book talks, and library readings; of Professor Pietschmann's appreciation of Karl Dziatzko, the organizer and administrator of libraries, the consummate scholar, the generous, warm-hearted man. Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick of the New York Public Library presented the report of the committee on "The Relations between Libraries and the Book Trade," describing the activities of the committee, and embodying the recommendation that "a committee be appointed to continue the work that we have begun, with definite instructions to send information, along the lines followed by our bulletins of the past year, to all members of this Association, as well as to persons likely to become members." Determined efforts to increase the membership of the Association were recommended "as one of the most effective ways to promote library combination and mitigate the hardship of the net-price system."

The account of the Conference would be incomplete without mention of the formation of the Bibliographical Society of America, which was effected during the week with the following list of officers: William C. Lane, president; Herbert Putnam, first vice-president; Reuben G. Thwaites, second vice-president; C. Alexander Nelson, secretary; Carl B. Roden, treasurer. The Council of the Society met one afternoon and formulated plans for forthcoming publications. A. G. S. J.

AN OLD-TIME MISSISSIPPI PLANTATION.

VICKSBURG, October 17, 1904.

For personal reasons it would not be best to indicate the locality of this plantation more nearly than to say that it is not far distant from Indianola, which was made famous a year or two ago by the forced resignation of a worthy and capable colored woman who had for some years acceptably filled the office of postmaster. But the hoodlums at last prevailed, and so roused the race prejudice that merit counted for nothing; and, against the desire of the better class of whites, safety compelled the abandonment of her position. It is also not far from the scene of that most horrible tragedy, of a few months ago, in which two negroes were mutilated and tortured in every imaginable way before being smeared with oil and burned at the stake. A more typical place for the study of the negro problem at the South could not be selected.

This portion of Mississippi, stretching from Memphis to Vicksburg, corresponds closely in physical characteristics to that in Arkansas, on the west side of the river, above Helena. It is a portion of the delta deposit of the Mississippi, which is occasionally overflowed, and so enriched thereby that it constitutes one of the most fertile agricultural districts in the world. It is here about fifty miles wide, and, during the flood last year, when the levees broke below Memphis, the whole country, with the exception of a few low ridges utilized for building sites, was covered with water to a depth of from two to ten feet.

It is a serious question with the planters whether the levee system which aims to prevent these overflows is on the whole advantageous, since the overflow of the Mississippi, like that of the Nile, brings untold wealth to the soil, and for that reason the planters can well afford to suffer temporary loss at the rare intervals when floods occur. Furthermore, according to the planters, the levees so interrupt the natural course of the water that they cannot be continuously successful, and hence prepare the way for greater and greater catastrophes in the future. For example, in the natural course, the Mississippi in high water overflows below Memphis into numerous channels which wind indefinitely through the delta and eventually reach the Yazoo, and so find their way back to the main stream at Vicksburg. These tend to lessen the flood in the Middle Mississippi, and ordinarily are not dangerous to the sections through which they flow. But the levee system obstructs this overflow of the main river into them, prevents the relief which would accompany it, and so increases the danger to the banks and levees below. Moreover, as the levees are not built by the general Government, which could follow a consistent plan, but by the separate States, the efforts of these to secure self-protection is often ruinous to all parties. At Greenville, Miss., for instance, where the levees are twenty feet high, they are faced by a levee on the Arkansas side which is only a mile distant, thus narrowing the channel to that width, and causing a gorge of water in time of flood. It is not the planters who are asking for levees, but the politicians, who get the contracts for building them. The planters, however, pay

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the bills, as the tax for them is levied on the cotton raised in the river counties, every bale of cotton paying one dollar levee tax.

For hundreds of miles through this region at this season the traveller sees nothing but cotton fields, literally white for the harvest. These are bordered, however, on both sides of the railroad by persistent lines of forests of tall oak, gum, and cypress trees. These forests indicate the still vast undeveloped resources of the country, for not half the available cotton land of this portion of the delta is yet cleared of the primitive growth of timber. A significant peculiarity of the cultivated areas is that they are dotted with cabins of uniform pattern, scattered through the fields. These are usually whitewashed, and without glass windows, being rarely larger than for two rooms. The small amount of money spent for the homes of the working people of the cotton belt in Mississippi is in striking contrast to that expended for homes in the North.

The plantation which interested us most, and where we were hospitably entertained for three days, is still in possession of the family of the original owner, whose son lives in the spacious old mansion and personally supervises everything about the place. The negroes on the place are largely the descendants of the slaves who were on it before the war; many of the original occupants being still alive and living in the old quarters. The house is surrounded by all manner of neatly kept outhouses, in which is stored everything necessary for the life and well-being of the community. In short, it is a world in itself, including a well-stocked commissary store, where the tenants can get the necessaries of life, including simple medicines, at better terms than at the stores in the village near by. The work of the house is all done by colored servants, but they leave the premises at night and return in the morning.

Fourteen hundred acres of the plantation are devoted to cotton. This is all cultivated by renters, who pay $7 an acre, and furnish their own teams and seed. There are thirty renters, which gives to each one an average of a little over forty acres apiece. The lots run from twenty to sixty acres. As the land readily yields a bale of cotton (500 pounds) and $8 or $10 worth of seed to the acre, and with good cultivation more, it will be seen that at present prices (ten cents a pound) a small colored family which can cultivate thirty acres has a fine chance to get ahead in the world. Living is cheap, so that there are places where a workman, with the aid of his family in cotton-picking time, can earn a net income of nearly a thousand dollars a year. The improvidence of the negroes is the only thing which prevents their rapidly rising to affluence. But, for one reason and another, in this part of Mississippi they have made no appreciable progress in accumulating property. It is so easy to obtain the necessaries of life that they are content to live from hand to mouth. More than anything else, they need to have preached to them the gospel of discontent. Negroes own but 4 per cent. of the taxable property of the State.

But the negroes have the field, and are in almost complete control of the industrial situation. White laborers are not in demand. So little confidence is there in the poor whites that one of respectable appearance might tramp the country through for work, and no one would hire him; whereas the most disreputable-looking negro would be set to work as soon as he offered himself. This is because of the confidence had in the natural disposition of the negro. He is docile, and, when necessity requires it, he will work without making trouble. The only drawback to the rapid development of this vast uncleared cotton area is the scarcity of labor. And in this lies the negroes' opportunity. This gives them a vantage ground which they are using with good effect for securing fair treatment by the whites. The persecution of the negroes in this region does not originate with the property owners; indeed, they look upon Gov. Vardaman and his followers as their worst enemies. The localities where the negroes are grossly abused are quickly forsaken by them, and the work of the fields goes undone. Two or three of the large planters in the region where the negroes spoken of above were burnt at the stake, have sold their estates and abandoned the locality because of the difficulty of getting help in the fields caused by this inhuman treatment.

The same is true in another region near by, where our driver gleefully pointed out the limb of a tree on which "three niggers were hung" recently. The cotton in that region is going unpicked from lack of help. On riding between two fields, one of which was nearly picked and the other untouched, our driver explained the fact by saying that the "nigger" had got his own field almost done, and the white man was attending upon the completion of it. While the negroes are quietly abandoning certain localities where they are unjustly treated, they are flocking wherever they receive fair treatment. On another plantation, where special efforts had been made to provide good schools, more tenants offered themselves than could be provided with land.

The hope of the negro at the South evidently lies, not in universal suffrage, but in the natural working of these great economical forces. So long as his civil rights are fairly well protected (and that can be done through the courts), the future of the negro is in his own hands. As an economic force, he is indispensable to the South, and indeed to the whole country. With freedom and urgent demand for his labor, he can win a position for himself if he has the proper moral qualities.

We have had occasion to see in many instances the deep and widespread influence of schools sustained by Northern benefactions. In one case we found a most efficient elderly lady from Maine, who had been thirty-five years engaged in these schools, and now had a hundred young negro girls under her care, whom she and her assistants were teaching, not only book learning, but all the elements of neat housekeeping. Such pupils, like those from Tuskegee, are in great demand, and go out to infuse higher ideals of life among their people. Their efforts all put together seem, however, like only a drop in the bucket. But when one comprehends the strength of the economic forces into which these elevating ideas are being introduced, he may well thank God and take courage. The negroes even of the Cotton Belt of Mississippi are going to be permeated by higher ideas, and so become far more efficient economically in the country. Compared with the hope arising from this general situation, that from unrestricted suffrage is of small account.

Nor should we fail to give due credit to the beneficent work of the public-school system of the State. Ninety-six per cent. of the taxes of Mississippi is paid by the whites, and only four per cent. by the negroes; yet the negroes receive more than half of that raised for school purposes. It is true that the present Governor has advocated a division of the funds according to the taxable value of the property owned by the two races; but in this he has little support, and the Constitution of the United States would stand in the way of the enforcement of any such plan. The public school system of the South is capable of doing far more for the negroes than all the educational efforts of Northern philanthropists are doing. Indeed, their work will be valuable chiefly as it incorporates itself with that of the Southern public-school system. These Northern schools are doing, however, incalculable good in furnishing teachers for the public schools, and in raising their standard of efficiency.

One cannot travel through this part of the South without having his sympathies stirred for the poor whites. As one meets them moving about over the highlands in their covered wagons, or sees them boiling syrup from the little patches of sorghum by the roadside, he can but see that their economic future is far more hopeless than that of the energetic and self-respecting colored population who work the cotton fields of the delta. But in all this one must take a long look into the future, and not occupy his thoughts too much with the imperfections of the present. Cotton is to remain king, and the Mississippi delta is to be the seat of its dominion. The people who predominantly occupy that seat of power are favored above almost all others. Cotton cannot be picked by machinery. The negroes must do it, and it is done to best advantage by families who are interested in the crop. Thus we have in the necessities of the case a most important agency giving prominence to the family, and counteracting the evils of the factory system, which, in many places, is abolishing to a great degree the significance both of the family and of the individual.

G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

BARON HUEBNER'S SOUVENIRS.—I.

PARIS, October 10, 1904.

The second volume of Baron Hübner's 'Souvenirs,' which has just appeared, will certainly be as much read as the first. It begins on the 1st of January, 1857, and, as before, with the diplomatic reception at the Tuileries by the Emperor—a reception which was purely formal and had nothing extraordinary. We note nothing at this time but the death of Princess Lieven.

"She retained all her lucidity of mind, showed great serenity, and awaited death with impatience. . . . Her son, her nephew Benkendorff, and Monsieur Guizot were with her during the last night of her long life. She sent them away with a gesture and died a few moments afterwards. Politics interested her up to the very last. She sent to me for news, and wished to know where

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the conference about Neuchâtel would be held."

In a letter to Count Buol, Hübner wrote:

"Last night, one of the persons who, half a century ago, made a great mark in the diplomatic world and on the great European stage, disappeared after a short illness. Princess Lieven died of a catarrhal fever. Her body, much worn, succumbed almost without a struggle. She preserved to the end the use of her faculties, her charm of mind, the grace of the grand manner which distinguished her in so high a degree. . . . She had witnessed the eighteenth century, she was the last representative of a great epoch, and the last depositary of the good traditions which are disappearing in this country."

I find a curious conversation with M. Piscatory, who was long the French Minister at Athens, one of the parliament men imprisoned on the day of the *Coup d'État* of December 2. Speaking of this *coup d'état*, Piscatory said that Napoleon would have made it, "'not with the former ministers of Louis Philippe, but with younger men wearing our color, if they would have stood by him seriously.' 'But,' said I, 'M. Molé's great idea was to create a vacuum round him.' 'Yes,' answered Piscatory, 'they created it so well that he could walk wherever he pleased.'" Piscatory was very far-seeing. He said:

"Nobody in the old parties desired seriously that the chief of the eldest branch should return to France. M. Berryer would be in despair if the Count de Chambord returned; M. Thiers does not care for a return of the Orléans. Nobody wishes to run the chances of new events. Nobody wants to compromise his situation as leader of a party; and, first of all, the Count de Chambord is one, and might be more patient."

Count Buol, Hübner's chief, was hostile to the French Government and to its general policy; he represented essentially the old tradition of Austria, looked upon Napoleon III. as an upstart Emperor, and felt that he favored the views of those who desired Austria to be expelled from Italy. Hübner held all the ideas of his chief, but with more moderation; his position made it necessary for him to be always on his guard, and to have relations with people whom he neither liked nor respected. He knew very well that the atmosphere of the Court was decidedly anti-Austrian, and that the politeness shown him was often a mere veil. His notes on diplomatic and political affairs have lost much of their interest, after the lapse of so many years and so many events which have, in a great measure, completely altered the political state of Europe. It is more interesting to meet with his remarks on the men and women who were notorious under the Second Empire. This is, for instance, what he says of Baron Haussmann:

"The physiognomy of Paris is changing day by day. M. Haussmann is the inspirer and the soul of all the contemporary public construction in Paris. There is nothing more interesting than to hear him explain with extreme lucidity his projects, the way they were conceived, the means which he employs to realize them. He is a man *hors ligne* in his sphere of action, and, to my mind, the greatest figure which the Second Empire has produced, so far. Constantly attacked by envious people, he has been able, thanks to the protection of the Emperor Napoleon, which never fails him, to make the capital more healthy, to trace great arteries, to create all the marvels, not always of exquisite taste, which are admired in the capital of France, and which Europe is anxious to imitate."

There are many curious details about the attempt made at the door of the Opéra on the life of Napoleon by Orsini and three other Italians. Hübner heard the first news at a dinner at Alphonse de Rothschild's. Bombs were thrown at the carriages which bore the Emperor, the Empress, and their suite; some bystanders were wounded. The Emperor and Empress went directly to their box; it was noticed that the Empress had marks of blood on her gown—the blood of the wounded horses. The next day Hübner talked with Count Bacciochi, the "jovial and amiable" introducer of the Ambassadors, who made him acquainted with what he calls the atmosphere of the Tuileries.

"The first impression there was that of immense joy—the joy of having escaped from a misfortune which would have put an end to the social and political fortune of the favorites of the present régime. Another sentiment has developed with extraordinary force, namely, indignation against England. This excess of anger can be explained only by a watchword which is certainly not given by Napoleon III. . . . The agitation comes from the palace of the Presidency of the Legislative Corps, of which Morny is the soul. He exploits the attempt in the interest of the Russian alliance, of which he is the fervent advocate."

At the diplomatic reception, where the Ambassadors offered their congratulations to the sovereign—

"the Empress told us with spirit and with a certain coquetry the details of the attempt. After the first explosion, which killed a horse, and thus hindered the other horses from proceeding, the two doors of the carriage were opened at the same time and sinister-looking men approached, evidently with the intention to finish their victims with their poniards. At that moment she thought herself lost. But policemen came forward and helped their Majesties to come out."

The passing to the door of the theatre, she continued, "was not very nice; the Emperor wished to retrace his steps to speak to the wounded, but I dragged him to the hall, saying, 'Not so foolish! Enough of that!'" Long afterwards a person who followed the sovereigns to their box told Hübner that "the Emperor seemed at that moment quite demoralized, while the Empress was admirable in her calm and intrepidity."

In the speech from the Throne, which opened the Legislative session, the Emperor asked for repressive laws. "He seemed to be under great emotion, and the Chamber to share it. People feel and say, 'What a mess (*gâchis*) if this man had been killed!'" The day after, there was a great ball at the Tuileries.

"I dance a quadrille," says Hübner, "with Princess Anna Murat, next with the Empress, and afterwards have a long talk with her. The order of the day is this: The army will save the Empire and the Napoleonic dynasty, even if Louis Napoleon be killed. One is so excited at the idea of seeing a handsome woman with a baby in her arms, seconded by a heroic army, saving France, that for the moment the Emperor, destined to be carried away by a bomb, seems almost to have become a *quantité négligeable*."

I cite this passage to show what illusions can be formed and how they are dispelled by events. Who could think then of Sedan and of the 4th of September? The anti-English sentiment on which Hübner dilates reached its climax in addresses sent to the Emperor by the colonels of the army. Hübner, who mentions them, adds:

"This proves only what I have maintained ever since the *Coup d'État*, that the Empire, notwithstanding contrary appearances, was the result of a military conspiracy, and can subsist only with the help and the good will of the army. The Emperor seems to understand how painful his situation is. He seems disconcerted, sad, almost overpowered. The Empress, on the contrary, enjoys her triumph of a heroine. She has risen and looks well."

There is certainly a connection between the sentiments expressed by the army and the Italian war. It has been thought that the war was hastened by the attempt of Orsini, who was an agent of the Italian *carbonari*, and who wrote a letter to Napoleon before ascending the scaffold. Napoleon was imbued with a desire to help the Italian cause; he was also desirous to give occupation to the army; he was anxious to remodel the map of Europe; and though he had said, on becoming Emperor, "L'Empire, c'est la paix," he entered first upon the Crimean war, and afterwards upon the Italian. Hübner says, in a note (written long after the journal) on the subject of the possible connection between Orsini's attempt and the Italian war:

"The Emperor of the French, placed at the highest summit of greatness, accepted on a footing of equality by the heads of the older dynasties, had forgotten the pledges made in his youth to those who dispose of the unknown and dark powers. Orsini's bombs came to remind him of it. A ray of light suddenly struck his mind. He must have understood that his former associates never forgot nor forgave, and that their implacable hatred would be appeased only when the renegade returned to the bosom of the sect."

We arrive now at the most important part of Hübner's memoirs—at the period which prepared the Italian war. The Crimean war had been only a sort of military *hors d'œuvre;* it had taken place out of what may be considered Europe proper; it had effected no permanent or great changes in Europe; it had left the Turks in Constantinople; it had added no strength to the power of the Sultan, nor really diminished the power and the prestige of Russia. It was not so with the Italian war, of which the importance was paramount in the second half of the last century, which accomplished great changes and paved the way for still greater ones.

Correspondence.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "W. C. L.'s" letter in the last issue of the *Nation*, raising the question, How can any sane man vote for Parker? and conversely, How can any sane man vote for Roosevelt? gives, I take it, the views of but one class of men on each side of the question. Brokers and college professors are doubtless an important part of the body politic, and, under an ideal form of government, should wield more influence than they now do in shaping public policy as determined by elections; but under our present system of counting noses at election time, it is the man in the street who decides all these questions for us.

This "man in the street"—whether it be a city street or a village street, it matters not—is a person who acts on certain vague feelings and instincts without much regard

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for strict logic, historical perspective, or the principles of political science as taught in the books. Matters outside of the United States do not interest him much unless there be a war going on, when he devours all the harrowing details of destruction of life and property with the same interest that at home he follows the details of a prizefight or a football game. But on matters purely American he entertains one or two decided opinions.

Speaking about a little unpleasantness caused by one Shays in the early history of Massachusetts, that profound statesman and level-headed philosopher, never to be sufficiently admired by all true Americans, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, said:

"A little rebellion now and then is a good thing; . . . an observation of this truth should render honest republican governors so mild in their punishment of rebellions as not to discourage them too much. It is a medicine necessary for the sound health of government." "God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion—what signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

With the lapse of the one hundred and seventeen years since the above pious opinion was expressed, the average American citizen may have become less truculent and bloodthirsty, but it is pretty certain that at present he is not in favor of fertilizing the tree of liberty with any more human blood. He is undoubtedly a peculiar sort of person, but he does not enjoy having bricks heaved at peaceful citizens while riding on street cars, having workingmen assassinated because they are willing to work, or having hearses stoned because a Labor Union does not approve the funeral arrangements! How does the man in the street know that either political party is responsible for these riots, commotions, "rebellions," as Jefferson calls them? He does not, but the papers that support the rioters, in Chicago at least, are Hearst newspapers, that loudly proclaim their Democracy. "Ergo," says the man in the street. . . .

The same crude logic couples the fact that the government of most American cities is unspeakably rotten with the fact that the government of most large American cities is in the hands of the Democrats. "Ergo again," says the man in the street.

The things right under his nose are what interest the average citizen. In our large cities at least the Democratic party has often been singularly unfortunate in its professed champions. E. L. C. M.

CHICAGO, October 30, 1904.

PRESIDENTIAL ADVERTISING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In current issues of a number of magazines and periodicals, whose circulations are enormous, there appears, among the advertising pages, a full page centred with the picture of President Roosevelt, and filled in with extracts from his utterances, together with favorable utterances from others concerning him and his policies.

Thus does the self-respecting, dignified Republican voter see his idol placed before him along with baby powders, corn plasters, and salad dressings at so much per page. Such an undignified bid for support is an insult to American manhood, a disgrace to our nation, and should cost the Republican nominee many, many votes.

Yours very truly, F. W. PARKER.

CHICAGO, October 8, 1904.

[We print the above because it illustrates the minor motives which may govern men in casting a vote for President when great issues are involved. South of Mason and Dixon's line, Mr. Roosevelt's spontaneous civility to a half-white man of national distinction is denounced in terms like those applied by our correspondent to campaign methods which, after all, are an appeal to reason, and better than torchlight processions. And if we concede something to our correspondent's sensitive regard for appearances, we would ask whether the *réclame* of a personally conducted campaign is worse in Mr. Roosevelt than McKinley's offering a place in his Cabinet to the man who had paid his debts and made him President. The American public was not too nice to stomach that.—ED. NATION.]

THE PRIMARY FUNCTION OF POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Browning's characteristic poems do not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give."

This quotation from Mr. Goldwin Smith, in your notice of his contribution to a recent number of the *American Historical Review*, contains a generally accepted fallacy, and reveals the rock upon which many a critic has foundered and made shipwreck of his craft. I refer to the stated supposition that it is the special function of poetry to give pleasure.

Not only does Mr. Goldwin Smith, but numberless critics beside, including many writers on rhetoric, arrive at conclusions from this false premise that in no wise explain the function of poetry. I think it may be said, with no attempt, or even desire, to derogate from the high esteem in which the eminent professor is justly held, that whoever argues that the primary function of poetry is to please, does not understand poetry. In making so sweeping an assertion, I am not unaware that perhaps three-fourths of the readers of poetry are animated, more or less, by this fallacy, which is as nonchalantly uttered and as stoutly maintained as if it were a truth, demonstrated beyond all possibility of dispute; whereas, ultimately, no view of poetry could be more belittling, if I might not use a stronger word. It were certainly far from flattering to the body of earnest-minded men who make up the poets, to say of them that they have given the best that was in them to the primary end of pleasing.

If the poets themselves are to be believed, the first and last aim of their work is, not to please, but to teach. In other words, the poet's business is to see and reveal. It is as the Holy Spirit dictating to the lonely seer on the isle of Patmos, "Write what thou seest." Only in so far as the poet heeds this injunction, obeying it as a good soldier obeys his captain's order, and gives a faithful transcript of the vision, does he fulfil his high and holy office. This without regard to whether his transcript please or displease.

I do not deny, however, that some sentiments, from being expressed in poetry, acquire a property of pleasing above that which they ordinarily possess; but this power of pleasing is incidental or secondary, like that which comes from the mating of sound to sense in the use of words. Do I seek to please men or God? This the poet's question always; and (I say it reverently) the question was not answered with more undoubting decisiveness by the great apostle who propounds it than by the men who wear and deserve the name of poets.

I know of no more conspicuous irony of human life than that, in view of the notable impulse given by the poets to every moral advance of the human race, they should still be looked upon by the beneficiaries of their labors as beings who passed lightly through the byways of life, furnishing pleasant entertainment to others by the pretty flowers chance-gathered by the roadside, instead of being looked upon, as indeed they are, as fellow-travellers who, contemplating this problem of human existence, saw it with clearer vision than we, and gave us the result of their sight or insight in the best and most heart-reaching words they could find.

The subject is indeed a wide one, and so, not to trespass unduly on your space, allow me to cite at random, and from the poets themselves, some views relative to the function of poetry. I would recommend, in this connection, that the whole of Lowell's Ode, beginning "In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder," be thoughtfully read. This Ode I look upon, and I think rightly, as the clearest, most comprehensive, most mightily worded exposition of the function of poetry to be found in the English language, certainly in any American author. And while I suppose Mr. Goldwin Smith, and those who hold with him, would dismiss this Ode as a highly figurative work of the imagination, it is, nevertheless, the literal statement of a literal fact.

"In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,
The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife;
He saw the mysteries which circle under
The outward shell and skin of daily life.
Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion—
His soul was led by the eternal law;
There was in him no hope of fame, no passion,
But with calm, godlike eyes he only saw.

. . . . . .

But now the Poet is an empty rhymer,
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,
And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
To all men's pride and fancies as they pass."

There is the picture of your pleasure purveyor.

"Not his the song which, in its metre holy,
Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,
Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly,
And *ding sun through the soul's prison-bars.*"

The italicized clause in the last line tells what the true function of poetry is.

Once more. I cite from Byron this:

"When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar."

In either of these two cases, it will be observed that the question of pleasure is not once asked, nor even thought of, but the far deeper question seems to have been insistently next these poets' hearts. Always the question is: "Has the light broken in your hearts? or, Have you felt the divine uplift?"

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Lowell's Ode was written when he stood at the threshold of his career. It was here he gave us to understand what we might reasonably expect from him. It is the statement by the architect of the building he proposes to erect, the propounding of the theory by which he meant to work. Long years after the writing of this Ode, when "past my next mile-stone waits my seventieth year," it is not improbable that the man of gray hairs, and judgment cooled in the hard school of life, had discovered the shortcomings or the flaws in this youthful, hot-hearted ideal. Writing to his lifelong friend, George William Curtis, Lowell replies to the criticism that his poems (meaning, I presume, chiefly the 'Biglow Papers') had given, instead of the pleasure which, it is argued in some quarters, it is the first function of poetry to give, the exact opposite of pleasure, namely, pain. Deeply as Lowell the man deprecated the offence which he had given, yet, being a poet, in the true sense of the word, he *must*

"blurt ungrateful truths, if so they be,
That none may need to say them after me."

Hear him further: "I hate to speak; much more what makes the need." But being, as I said, a poet, the spirit of inevitable necessity was laid upon him, and, at the risk of offending and alienating even those of his own household, he had to speak.

Such, in brief, is my notion of what poetry is in its primary function—the making better of men's hearts, as it were by fire.

Of course, it is to be expected that this false premise of the pleasure-giving function of poetry, being foundational with the school of Mr. Goldwin Smith, will be found to vitiate most of the judgments summarily passed by this school on particular poets. Thus, when Mr. Smith says that Burns in a manner is not surpassed, he is merely juggling words, and tells us nothing about Burns or about poetry. Similarly, the mischief of this foundational fallacy crops out more glaringly in Mr. Smith's almost contemptuous dismissal of Tennyson. "Tennyson has been called a great teacher; but he has nothing definite to teach." Does Mr. Smith mean that the apostle Paul has nothing definite to teach in that great passage, "We walk by faith, and not by sight"? The laureate teaches the same:

"Strong Son of God! immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

And on through "In Memoriam" there is teaching of the most definite sort, if one has but the will to look for teaching instead of looking for pleasure. Think you Tennyson has nothing definite to teach when his verse teems with such thoughts as this—"Often a man's own stubborn pride is cap and bells for a fool"?—that there is nothing definite in the teaching that a man finds himself only when he loses himself and his will in the fathomless will of God?

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

JAMES E. FRENCH.

CINCINNATI, October 25, 1904.

A MISQUOTATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your critic has treated my 'Napoleon' so handsomely that I feel some diffidence in asking you to make a very trifling correction. He quotes me as writing, "it is safe to be predicted." I was much relieved on turning to the text to find that I may plea not guilty of such a barbarous expression, and that what I have written is: "it is safe to predict." Doubtless your compositor allowed his imagination to wander.

I am, yours faithfully,

R. M. JOHNSTON.

44 SHEPARD ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
October 30, 1904.

A HOUSE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the latest issue of your paper is printed a pleasantly worded reference to the volume on 'Library Practice' by Roebuck and Thorne, which is our publication for both London and New York. The writer of the notice says of the book that it "bears the imprint of Messrs. Putnam, *but* is English made and intended." The reviewer evidently writes under the impression that our publishing interests are exclusively American. It is the case, however, that since 1840 our house has had publishing interests in Great Britain, and during the past thirty years our books have borne the inprint of "New York and London." We are, in fact, at this time taking up through our London house the publication of a number of works by English authors, for some of which the interest will naturally be larger with the English than with the American public.

We are, yours respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

NEW YORK, October 31, 1904.

[No; our remarks had reference to the typography of this particular publication.—ED. NATION.]

THE NEW EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the first time in the twenty years that I have read the *Nation* I give way to the temptation of writing to the Editor, for I must express my satisfaction in finding my own views on the "New Education" so strongly and finely stated in an editorial of October 20. Take away the first part, explaining the situation in New York city, the remainder ought to be illuminated and hung in the private sanctum of every educator, and printed in leaflet form and presented to every "influential citizen and taxpayer." It is concise, clear cut, vitalized with conviction, and rendered contagious by a restrained but fine enthusiasm. It is the best short article on the subject that I have seen, and, being in the reference department of a library, I see many attempts. Coming from the *Nation*, I am hopeful that it may have influence with conservative people.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCES B. TURNER.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., October 24, 1904.

Notes.

Harper & Bros. will publish directly 'Red Hunters and the Animal People,' stories by Charles A. Eastman, M.D. (himself a Sioux); 'London Mews,' verses about cats, by Catherine Janvier; 'How to Draw,' by Leon Burritt; 'The Land of Riddles (Russia)', by Dr. Hugo Ganz; and 'Phases of Modern Music,' by Lawrence Gilman.

Messrs. Putnam are preparing for the holidays "Les Classiques Françaises," little books, bound in leather, gilt-stamped, and giving texts in clear type from Feuillet, Mérimée, Sand, Sainte-Beuve, etc. Other announcements are 'The Coming Conquest of England,' a translation of August Niemann's 'Weltkrieg'; 'Breaking the Wilderness,' by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; and 'The Garden of Tears,' poems by the late Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Macmillan's November list includes the fifth volume of James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850,' ending with President Johnson's checkmate by Congress; Clifton Johnson's 'Highways and Byways of the South'; 'Paris and its Story,' by Thomas Okey; 'From the Monarchy to the Republic in France,' by Miss Sophia H. MacLehose; 'The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy, and the Rise of the Secret Societies,' by R. M. Johnston, in two volumes; 'The Story of Ferrara,' by Ella Noyes; 'Recent Discoveries in the Roman Forum,' by St. Clair Baddeley; 'Sunny Sicily,' by Mrs. Alec Tweedie; 'British Water-Color Art,' by Marcus B. Huish; 'The Principles and Progress of English Poetry,' by Charles Mills Gayley and Clement C. Young; and 'The Distribution of Wealth,' by Thomas Nixon Carver of Harvard.

McClure, Phillips & Co. offer this month 'A Country Home for Everybody,' by E. P. Powell.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. will be the American publishers of E. D. Morel's 'King Leopold's Rule on the Congo' (London: Heinemann).

Hodder & Stoughton in London and John Lane in this city will bring out 'Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic,' edited by James Douglas, who has obtained leave to make selections not only from the critical essays but from the poems of his author. The volume will be illustrated.

'Moral Education,' by Prof. Edward Howard Griggs, is announced for early publication by B. W. Huebsch of this city.

Prof. William Knight's collection of 800 letters from William and Dorothy Wordsworth to their brother John is nearly ready to be issued by Ginn & Co.

Richard G. Badger, Boston, announces 'Cassia, and Other Verse,' by Edith M. Thomas; 'Contrasted Songs,' by Marian Longfellow, a niece of the poet; and a volume of verse by Hildegarde Hawthorne, granddaughter of the novelist.

For 'A Geometrical Political Economy,' by H. Cunynghame, "an elementary treatise on the method of explaining some of the theories of pure economic science by means of diagrams," the curious are referred to a promise of the Oxford University Press.

Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' has been reissued in a dignified little volume bound in dark blue cloth, printed in a very clear and round font, and illustrated by sixteen designs, chiefly from the pen and brush of T. Hamilton Crawford, the remainder being from old engravings—on the whole a harmonious and a decorative series (Scribners).

Alexander Jessup's 'The Best of Stevenson,' with a good portrait, bears the new imprint of H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. The same firm, among a number of reissues,

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make two taking little volumes out of De Quincey's Essays, with Charles Whibley's Introduction, and Thackeray's 'Four Georges,' introduced by George Meredith.

Mr. Mabie's 'Nature and Culture' within its decade has been handsomely treated with tinted illustrations of wood and shore and pen-and-ink head and tail-pieces in a way to please its admirers (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

The Century Co.'s "Thumb-Nail Series," with buff stamped leather cover, is reinforced by Irving's 'Old English Christmas' and Shakspere's "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet," each with a portrait; companionable booklets, with an air of distinction.

Tolstoy's 'Plays: The Power of Darkness, The First Distiller, Fruits of Culture,' translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude, is now added to the revised edition of his works published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. An appendix contains a valuable "Annotated List of the Works of Leo Tolstoy."

The fourth and concluding volume in M. Oppenheim's edition of Sir Arthur Helps's 'Spanish Conquest in America' is at last off the press (John Lane). The work is handsomely printed, learnedly edited, and has an itemized index of 70 pages. Though long in course of production, it was worth waiting for.

The fifteenth edition of Baedeker's Handbook of Paris and its Environs comes to us from Charles Scribner's Sons. Of interest is the list of suburban electric lines, which are rapidly multiplying, and this item at the very end: "In August, 1904, about 1,000 *Taxameter Cabs* (*Taxamètres: Voitures à Compteur*) were placed for hire on the streets of Paris," following the successful example of Berlin and other German cities. They are "provided with indicators clearly showing the fare due for each drive," and hence preventing dispute.

Mr. Francis L. Wellman's 'Art of Cross-Examination' (Macmillan) was reviewed in these columns at the time of its publication. The great demand for the book, which is as entertaining as it is instructive, has led the author to bring out a new and enlarged edition. He had added as much material as was contained in the original volume; five chapters are entirely new. The cross-examination of Miss Martinez by Mr. J. H. Choate, in her celebrated breach-of-promise case, tried in this city, is given at great length; it is not accessible, we believe, elsewhere. Valuable illustrations are also given of the use made of it in summing up. The chapters on "Fallacies of Testimony" and "Cross-examination to Probabilities" are new and interesting. A very curious case is that of Twichell, properly convicted of murder in Philadelphia, some years ago, though by utterly mistaken testimony. Having murdered his wife, he took her body into the yard and left it there, carefully unbolting the gate leading to the street, and leaving it ajar, so that it should appear that the house had been entered through it. In the morning, the maid-servant got up, went into the yard, stumbled over the dead body of her mistress, and in great terror rushed through the gate into the street and summoned the police. On the trial, she swore positively that she had unbolted the gate on the morning of the murder, this having been her habit on every other morning. This testimony convicted Twichell, he having been the only other person in the house; but it was an entire mistake. The case is a remarkable illustration of the fallibility of the most entirely honest testimony. The fallacy of *habit*, like that of *desire* and *bias*, is always at our elbow to prevent us from telling the exact truth. This chapter may be specially commended to the attention of those engaged in psychical research.

Dr. Curtis Hidden Page disclaims for his 'British Poets of the Nineteenth Century' (Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.) the character of a new anthology for the period, on the ground of its narrow inclusiveness. It embraces, in fact, only "the fifteen chief poets of the century." Its aim is threefold: to furnish in one volume enough to satisfy the needs of a college student in such a course, to guide him in the concurrent use of a library, and, finally, to be helpful in other courses in English literature. No doubt it will be appreciated in all three aspects. The second is supported by classified reference lists discriminating among editions, and by indication of critical essays on the given author. The arrangement of pieces is chronological, and many long poems are printed entire. Criticism will of course begin with the list of fifteen, and for our own part we could wish either Mrs. Browning or William Morris passed over in favor of Edward FitzGerald—certainly not a creative poet, but in taste and in diction easily the superior of either of the two. The selections we do not quarrel with, but since we have Swinburne on Whitman, we should have liked Matthew Arnold on Emerson and his "voice oracular." We miss Clough's "Necessity" ("'Tis common sense"); and in place of Landor's "Shakspere and Milton" we should have put his fine Miltonian "Will mortals never know each other's station Without the herald?"

Another anthology, in charming attire, is Anna Benneson McMahan's 'Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings' (Chicago: McClurg). The frontispiece shows Casa Guidi, and more than sixty other half-tones (after Alinari photographs in the main) exhibit statuary and painting, palaces and towers, bridges and gates, cloisters and villas, and scenery. This is all very well carried out, and the book makes a pretty gift or a tourist's vade-mecum. The print is elegant.

Calendars are already making their appearance. The 'Browning Calendar' of T. Y. Crowell & Co., edited by Constance M. Spender, is a thin, tasteful volume of daily verse from Robert Browning only, of whom an unusual portrait is made frontispiece. Since election day is close at hand, we select November 8 for a chance extract (*absit omen!*):

> "That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it."

The 'Daheim-Kalender für das Deutsche Reich' for 1905 (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Büchner) is of the old-fashioned Annual order, with essays, stories, and illustrations of excellent quality. Mentionable are Professor Heinemann's article on Schiller and his Lotte; Lieut. W. von Bremen's narrative of Napoleon's campaign "From Boulogne to Austerlitz"; Rosenberg's centenary notice of the great sculptor Rietschel, and Buss's survey of the reign of crinoline. All these are copiously illustrated in the best manner, adding numerous portraits to those of sovereigns in the preliminary genealogy of princely houses, and of the eminent dead commemorated in the Necrology. Not a few illustrations (as those relating to garden birds) are in color.

The *Geographical Journal* for October describes a journey of unusual interest in northern Argentina by Mr. F. O'Driscoll. Though the country is now sparsely settled by an ignorant and unprogressive people, there are abundant evidences that in prehistoric times an intelligent and industrious race lived here. Scattered through the valleys and on the mountain sides, and in one instance on the summit of a mountain 16,000 feet above the sea level, are the remains of extensive workings, including shafts, galleries, and water ditches. "The amount of work done by some people of the past was enormous." No reference is made to ruins of habitations, temples, or forts such as are found in the ancient mining regions of South Africa, and apparently none have been discovered. The mineral wealth is not exhausted, according to Mr. O'Driscoll. In the province of La Rioja "the headwaters of most of the streams are black, blue, green, or yellow in color, and so highly are they impregnated with the salts of copper, silver, and other metals that tired mules, without water for two or even three days, refuse to drink of them." Some regular mining work is being carried on here, and the Argentine Government is building the largest aerial railway in the world to connect the mines with the Government railway. The agricultural resources are still largely undeveloped.

'The New Japanese Civil Code, as Material for the Study of Comparative Jurisprudence,' is the title of a pamphlet, by Professor N. Hozumi of the Imperial University of Tokio, in which he summarizes the notable features of that code. Instead of adopting Prof. Boissonade's code (1880-1890), based upon the French civil code, the Japanese, after fifteen or twenty years of discussion and selection, completed a new body of law, which came into force on the 16th of July, 1898. Each of the great epochs of Japanese history—the introduction of Chinese civilization (701 A. D.), the establishment of feudalism (1232 A. D.), and the adoption, or rather the adaptation, of Western civilization (1868 A. D.), has been followed by codification. In the codes of 1898 we see the departure from "the Family of Chinese law," to which for nearly twelve hundred years that of Japan belonged, to "the Roman Family of law." The outstanding features of the new codes are publicity and the personality of the individual. Previous to the Restoration of 1868 there was no idea that publication was essential to law, and the criminal code was kept in strict secrecy, the laws being commands addressed to the magistrates, not to the people. The conception of making the statute a rule of conduct for the citizen was reached only after the introduction of Occidental jurisprudence. The Chinese maxim was, as it is yet, "Let the people abide by, but not be apprised of, the law." Now, the books of law are cheaply published for the use and benefit of all. The arrangement of the new code shows three stages in the evolution of the laws of succession, the latter being conceived successively as a mode of perpetuating the worship of ancestors, of succeeding to the status of de-

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ceased persons, and as a mode of acquiring property. In old Japan there were no "rights," as neither the word nor the thing existed. In the new codes, the rules of duty have become also the rules of right. The chapters on House and Kinship, House-headship and Parental Power, Relationships, and Adoption, are very suggestive and informing.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Inscriptions, M. Clermont-Ganneau offered for study a small Isis statue sent by Maspero, the head of the Cairo Museum. The unique feature of this find consists in the fact that the back of the statuette is covered with a Semitic inscription stating that a certain Gersaphon had dedicated this Astarte image, thus implying the identity of the Egyptian goddess with the Phœnician.

Arrangements have finally been completed for connecting Iceland by cable with Denmark. The line is to run by way of the Faroe and Shetland Islands to a point on the west coast, from which it will be connected overland with Reykjavik. The concession is granted to the Great Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen, and is for twenty years from the time of connection, which must not be later than January 1, 1906. An annual subsidy of 80,000 kroner ($23,000) is to be paid from the Danish and Icelandic treasuries. Apart from its convenience to business men and tourists, this improvement will add greatly to the efficiency of the Danish meteorological bureau, as daily weather reports are to be sent to Copenhagen.

Mr. Jacques Reich's series of large-scale etchings of American statesmen has just been extended by one of Webster, which will take rank among the best of the metal-engraved portraits of this subject. The plate measures 13½x18 inches. The head is in a key that recalls "Black Dan"; there is excellent modelling in the right cheek particularly, and the eyes are carefully rendered, with a skilful suggestion of age. It is Webster nearing the end who is shown here—Webster of the 7th of March speech, in which capacity he still has plenty of admirers, and even more apologists. So our artist ought to find his patronage. Mr. Reich's address is 2 West 14th Street, New York.

—Another chapter of Dr. Andrew D. White's reminiscences stands out most prominently among the contents of the November *Century*. The special subject is his mission to Russia, under Presidents Harrison and Cleveland, 1892-1894. The criticisms of Russian men and policies are in effect extremely severe, though measured in utterance and entirely free from any mark of prejudice. Dr. White takes sharp issue even with the prevalent impression that, in spite of the general backwardness, Russia nevertheless produces great statesmen: "As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class, unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted." The atmosphere of autocracy destroys the possible greatness of Russia's statesmen, and whatever growth she has made during the past forty years has been in spite of them. Dr. White confesses to considerable surprise that President Harrison should have called him to office, since he had visited the White House a short time before for the express purpose of calling attention to shortcomings of the Administration in the management of the civil service. After the election of Cleveland he tendered his resignation and gave up his apartments, only to be again surprised by the earnest request of the new President that he would retain his post. One point in Russian policy he finds worthy of hearty commendation, and that is the care which surrounds the bestowal of citizenship, in comparison with our own looseness in giving it—not merely to men unfit to exercise it, but even to adventurers who come here just long enough to obtain it and then leave "in order to escape the duties both of their native and their adopted country, thus availing themselves of the privileges of both citizenships without one thought of the duties of either." Prof. Henry F. Osborn has a fascinating paper on "The Evolution of the Horse in America," based upon the explorations conducted by the American Museum, by means of the William C. Whitney fund.

—In the first number of volume iii. of the 'Memoirs of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University,' Mr. Edward H. Thompson gives a short, concise, and interesting description of three groups of ruins in middle Yucatan. He indulges in no exuberant language about size and architectural beauty, and no lament over the "ancient civilization" having passed away; above all, in no attempt to interpret the gaudy Indian wall-paintings, of which he gives copies in color. His ground-plans show an earnest endeavor to exhibit at least one of the ruined complexes in full, not limiting himself to giving the most striking edifices only; and yet he leaves us in doubt as to whether he has given all or not. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain a perfect survey of any complex of ruins in those densely wooded regions. Triangulation is impeded by tall vegetation and by the absence of sufficiently commanding points. A path has to be cut from ruin to ruin, and in this laborious and protracted work it is easy to overlook minor vestiges, the existence of which is as important as that of the larger. But Mr. Thompson has done much in that direction, and, as he will probably continue his labors, we may, sooner or later, hope at last for a complete plan of one or more of the ancient Yucatan settlements, conveying a complete idea of its extent, approximate density of population, and the several types of constructions embraced in it. Hitherto we have had merely diagrams of parts of each ruin, or sometimes of only one or a few isolated edifices of better preservation or particularly striking appearance. These give no proper idea of the part such buildings played in the economy of the whole group.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish 'Science and Immortality,' by William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., the fifth lecture delivered at Harvard University on the Ingersoll foundation. If the founder of this course desired to assist our faith in immortality, her wishes have not so far been met to any great extent. On the other hand, the individuality of the lecturers has been pronounced. Dr. Osler is no exception to the rule in this respect. He has been appointed to succeed Sir John Burdon Sanderson as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, and his distinctly scientific acquirements are probably superior to those of any of the Ingersoll lecturers who have said their good things before him. But, strangely enough, his lecture is not so remarkable for its scientific character as for its literary excellence and charm. It shows a mind remarkably well versed in the literature of its subject, ancient and modern. Indeed, if the presentation has a defect, it is that the quotations and allusions come too thick and fast. Dr. Osler's engagement with his subject is less that of anxious inquiry than that of genial curiosity. He describes three different attitudes towards immortality which he calls Laodicean, Gallionian, and Teresian. The Laodiceans are those who are practically indifferent, neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm. We moderns generally are, we are told, Laodiceans, and the more sweeping statement is made that "the desire for immortality seems never to have had a very strong hold upon mankind." Dr. Osler is less at pains than any of his predecessors to make terms with the conventional opinions of religious people. The Gallionians are those who, like Gallio, "care for none of these things," and "live wholly uninfluenced by a thought of the hereafter." As a scientific man, Dr. Osler takes his place with the Gallionians, but his mind, like Faraday's, has an unscientific, an emotional, annex in virtue of which he is one of the Teresians, those whose hearts, like St. Teresa's, have reasons with which their intellects are not acquainted. His science is wholly ignorant of immortality, but he is, nevertheless, of the opinion of Cicero, "who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death."

—Prof. Ernst Freund's 'Police Power' (Chicago: Callaghan & Co.) is a valuable addition to recent law-books on this subject. Developed within the last fifty years, the "police power" as it stands to-day is one of the most interesting fields of controversy between the State and the individual. Under written constitutions it represents what is left to the State of its once universal arbitrary power in view of the modern constitutional guarantees of private right and liberty. Under it, for instance, the right of the State to regulate rates of fare and freight has been established, notwithstanding the constitutional principle that a charter is a contract. Under it health boards are vested with their great powers, license or local-option laws are upheld, nuisances are abated, and hours of labor are regulated. Mr. Freund's book is especially valuable because it discusses intelligently the great limitations placed upon the police power by modern adjudication—without which we should live under a tyranny fatal to industrial and individual freedom—namely, that of reasonableness. This reasonableness is often solely a question of degree. A degree of regulation which promotes the public good and is in the interest of justice is reasonable; a degree which confiscates property or destroys liberty is unreasonable. Mr. Freund points out that the "earlier attitude of the courts" (Munn vs. Illinois, 94 U. S., 113) was that if a condition existed for legislative action, the Legislature was the sole and exclusive judge to what degree its power should be exercised. The present doctrine of the Supreme Court is that a statute is frequently valid,

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or the reverse, "according as the fact may be whether it is a reasonable or an unreasonable exercise of legislative power over the subject-matter involved, and in many cases questions of degree are the controlling ones by which to determine the validity, or the reverse, of legislative action" (Wisconsin M. and P. R. R. Co. vs. Jacobson, 179 U. S., 287). The difference represents the result of a great struggle for liberty and common right against legislative tyranny, none the less important to us because it was fought by corporations against a legislative movement urged on by popular clamor.

—This subject is more cursorily treated in Simeon E. Baldwin's 'American Railroad Law' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), a volume which aims at stating what is "distinctive" in our railroad law, and putting it in systematic order. The author has had much experience with his subject, both in teaching and in practice. The Fourteenth Amendment and the Interstate Commerce Act come in for a good deal of discussion. The author's method, which is a simple one, results in condensing railroad law into a volume of moderate compass. Where we have had occasion to examine it, it serves very well as an outline or guide to the subject. From the same publishers we have received a manual of the Bankruptcy Act of 1898, by John M. Gould and Arthur W. Blakeman. The act as amended is fully annotated and explained, the Federal and State decisions given, as also the general orders and forms established by the Supreme Court. As the authors say, the book combines the information furnished by both a digest and a textbook of bankruptcy law and practice.

—'A Yankee on the Yangtze,' by William Edgar Geil (A. C. Armstrong & Son), makes rather livelier reading than most books on China. The author was willing, for both economical and personal reasons, to travel *à la Chinoise*, and hence to suffer and enjoy the native rations. Being thus close to the people on deck and street, he was amply rewarded. Able to speak Chinese, and, what is equally important, to understand it when spoken, he circumvented the rascalities of the interpreters. He raises his voice, in unison with the great chorus of the informed and competent, in favor of the employment by the United States Government of trained and scholarly Americans for this service. By sad experience, we know also how often the truth is twisted and fact turned into fiction through that excessive politeness which, according to the Japanese proverb, becomes impoliteness. Mr. Geil's narrative is of a journey from Shanghai, through the Central Kingdom, to Burma. All along the route he met missionaries, most of them from English-speaking nations, and not a few of them in Chinese costume and coiffure. The local magistrates treated him handsomely. He reckons one hundred thousand native Protestant church members in active communion, half a million *regular* and *earnest* (his own italics), and another half-million irregular and casual inquirers. The Boxer troubles, well discussed by this time, have made three hundred million people think about Occidental civilization and religion. Half the population along the route smoked opium—"eleven out of ten," as the Chinese say. There is only one missionary opinion on the subject of opium. Shanghai statements as to the abundance or rarity of wild animals in China were found to be no more trustworthy than items of war news. He rested at mountain inns more than 8,000 feet above the sea level. He saw experimental graves, with hair, etc., of future (but living) occupants tried in temporary interment. With its hundred full-page pictures and continuously spirited narrative, this book gives probably the best contemporaneous account of the common people's daily life in China.

CONWAY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography, Memories, and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

There are two standards by which every autobiography may be judged: we may either look at the revelation it brings to us as to the personal qualities of the author, or, on the other hand, at the amount of collateral information it yields as to the rest of the human race. The first test is usually best applied by beginning at the first page and reading on for a while. To apply the second test, begin at the end of the closing volume and read the index. In the case of the work before us, it is by beginning at the end that one can best appreciate the book. It would be difficult to name any other biography which contains an index so extraordinary. It occupies twenty-five pages in double columns and very small type. There is scarcely a prominent literary or scientific name in England or in America which does not appear in it; and, on turning to the page mentioned in each case, one is sure to find something worth telling. It is safe to assert that neither the index to Boswell's Johnson nor that to Lockhart's Scott contains so many separate entries. Names of localities occur in almost as great a variety as that which attaches to persons; and the story told in England of the author and his wife as having left home for a journey and spent thirty successive nights in thirty different cities seems a modest statement as one looks through this volume. How much is brought back from each of these different cities is another question, but it is safe to say that for personal anecdotes the book is unequalled, and it is also true that Mr. Conway's perceptions are so keen and his literary handling at once so graphic and so well trained that there is not a dull page in the book. At any rate, it gains in constant interest from beginning to end. To these gifts is to be added a freedom from personal vanity and a conscientious desire to do justice to all.

It should also be pointed out that Mr. Conway, during his unique English career, combined, both by temperament and in the especial position which Providence gave him, certain very rare advantages for an autobiographer. His seeming inconsistencies prove points of strength. Himself the most radical of reformers, he was also the minister of a church; and this church ("South Place"), being absolutely unsectarian, left every one free to go to it and left its preacher equally free from all ordinary restrictions. The more heretical any contemporary was, the more canonical it was for Mr. Conway, during his English residence, to introduce him to his so-called pulpit. He himself escaped the social obstacles placed in England around a dissenter, although he embodied in himself the utmost exemplification of Emerson's phrase, "The soul of the soldiery of dissent." He could go to the theatre every evening, for instance, and, to do him justice, usually did. When the cause of an heretical wife, Mrs. Besant, against a high-church husband was to be tried before a Jewish judge, one was sure to find Mr. Conway there. He kept in touch with all the scientific men, and, what was most remarkable, with all the doctors of divinity. English editors valued him for his knowledge of things American, and American publishers prized him for what he knew, or might be assumed to know, about Europe; and the spice and variety of all these connections is manifested in these two great volumes.

But man is human, and one's temptations usually go along with one's opportunities, and here again come in some of the remarkable qualities of the author of this volume. Not only had he to all appearance no personal enemy on the face of the earth, for he was thoroughly kind and helpful to all within his reach, but his faults and limitations are as frankly shown in this book as are his merits. No man exhibits more unhesitatingly than he what the French phrase calls "les défauts de ses qualités." His most suspicious reader will not attribute to him in the most extreme case a deliberate falsehood, nor can his most charitable reader fail to suspect him, ere long, of a certain vivacity of imagination which may mislead him. This cannot but impair, at times, some of the many good stories of brilliant repartees with which he fills every page. Not forcing his heresies upon you or his independent judgments of character, he sometimes condemns with a verdict of guilty without prefacing his verdict with the evidence, as in the case of John Brown, on the ground of facts which have come to the critic's knowledge without his feeling called upon to state what they are (i., 302).

Mr. Conway's combination of literary or at least journalistic gifts is too well known to need endorsement. He has wonderful readiness both in bringing together information and in combining it; unbounded zeal in the one and apt gifts in the other. He may not be always impartial and may be frequently sensational, but he is always truthful, from his own point of view; never withholds recognition of a high aim of his own or needs to apologize for discrediting it in another. He is absolutely without malice and hypocrisy. Peculiar interest attaches to his later writings from the fact that he takes no pains to conform them to his earlier ones, and frankly calls attention to many points in which he stands alone even among reformers. He is an ardent American, and yet believes that two houses of Congress are one too many. He is more than half an Englishman while on English soil, and, though a heretic, believes to all intents and purposes in an Established Church; finding English dissenters, on the whole, as he declares, almost invariably narrower and less tolerant of heresies than those who adhere to the old dynasty (ii., 322). He has held almost a pioneer's position with respect to the higher education of English women, but is, after all, rather opposed to trusting them with the ballot (ii., 294). As a youth he has been hand in glove with a greater variety of radicals than any one of his

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time; yet at the end of the book we see one who would merge almost all strife in the proclamation of universal peace. But this very combination helps him, after all, as an honest autobiographer. Grant a varied range of opinions and add the frankest disposition to communicate them to others, and we have one singularly fitted to fill the position of a reformatory Boswell. Yet his retractions sometimes strike rather painfully on the ear, as where he says (ii., 2) of his book entitled 'Testimonies concerning Slavery,' "So far as the war is concerned, the book by no means represents the conclusions reached by studying facts afterwards revealed."

It seems strange that the pursuits of a journalist should tend to make a man inaccurate in details, but the result is almost inevitable, as the profession now stands, from the speed with which men of that vocation have to work and the indifference of the public to yesterday's misinformation. A professed journalist's book, while crowded with bright thoughts and telling facts, is for the same reason quite apt to yield inaccuracies, often resulting, no doubt, from the very fact of their being written at a distance, or from the necessary absence of personal proof-reading. We note a few of these. Prof. Andrews Norton, father of the present professor, was not a clergyman, and would never allow himself to be called Reverend or Doctor (i., 159). It was not a student who invented a fable of the leading Unitarians entering heaven in a group, but Theodore Parker (i., 160). No doubt such errors of small detail may be accounted for by occasional absences of mind or person, and we mention them, not as being of great importance, but as the kind of drawback accompanying Mr. Conway's ever active and observing temperament. The only difficulty is that when such accidents occur in regard to the companions of a man's youth, the possibility that they may impair the personal testimony given in old age is enhanced. On the other hand, they are never here found committed or tolerated with unfair purpose, and in everything which implies that test Mr. Conway may always be found well acquitted.

The utter frankness of Mr. Conway's temperament leads to the bringing out of some especially interesting facts which have long awaited responsible evidence. It has often been said that the best literary secret ever kept in America was entirely in the hands of a woman, namely, the authorship of the books appearing with the name of Saxe Holm on the title-page. The secret was all the better maintained from the fact that its success suggested to several persons to claim this authorship to an extent that was naturally inconvenient. As a result, it is not uncommon to see the titles of these books in library catalogues marked even now with a query, in spite of the gradual convergence of public opinion as to the actual authorship upon the name of Mrs. Helen Jackson, then Mrs. Helen Hunt. Two persons, Mrs. Celia Burleigh and Mrs. Katharine Gray, even wrote and published letters claiming the authorship for personal friends of theirs. Mr. Conway now prints for the first time a letter from Mrs. Hunt distinctly avowing her authorship, and saying frankly, "I intend to deny it till I die. *Then* I wish it to be known" (ii., 429). She also mentions a male friend and companion author who read the first three or four of the Saxe Holm stories as they were written and could swear to the truth of her claim. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Jackson always claimed, as did Sir Walter Scott, that an author had the right to conceal the authorship of his own work by fibbing if he wished, and that it was at least worth while to give one conclusive proof that a woman could keep a secret.

Mr. Conway reprints a striking passage, either not previously printed or not generally known, in which Carlyle, after his very first interview with Emerson, sets down his estimate of him in these terms:

"Very *exotic;* of smaller dimensions, too, and differed much from me as a gymnosophist sitting idle on a flowery bank may do from a wearied worker and wrestler passing that way, with many of his bones broken. Good of him I could get none, except from his friendly looks and elevated, exotic, polite ways; and he would not let me sit silent for a minute. Solitary on that side, too, then? Be it so, if so it must be" (ii., 113).

Widely different from all this, as we now know, is the opinion expressed on Emerson by Carlyle in the later years of his life; and Mr. Conway, with his usual absolute impartiality, brings out both points of view. In all matters relating to his English life especially, his good nature can be compared only to Walter Savage Landor's impartiality in an opposite direction, when he gave it as his highest desideratum in London life to have "the privilege of hanging a Tory on every lamp-arm to the right and a Whig on every one to the left, the whole extent of Piccadilly."

AUBREY DE VERE.

Aubrey de Vere: A Memoir, Based on his Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence. By Wilfrid Ward, author of 'W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement,' etc. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Mr. Ward's biographies of his father and Cardinal Wiseman proved him a master workman, and, though his present subject is less positive and striking than either of the others, it is a very interesting one, and is treated with appropriate delicacy and intelligence. The book is not, we are assured, in the fullest sense a biography. The time prescribed for its publication made that impossible. The letters are mainly those selected by Mr. de Vere himself with a view to publication. They have two faults: they are inordinately long, and they have a plentiful lack of humor. If Cowper's were quite as long, they were much more humorous, and they wound in and out among light, pleasant matters, as Mr. de Vere's do but infrequently. A more serious deduction from Mr. Ward's book as a biography than those confessed is, that it is far less a memoir of Aubrey de Vere the poet than a memoir of Aubrey de Vere the Roman Catholic pietist. Of his poetry the mention is hardly more than incidental, and of critical estimate of it there is next to none. The poems quoted are generally so familiar that one is obliged to feel that De Vere's appeal to popular sympathies was within a narrow range. At the same time the twice-quoted judgment of his dear friend, Sara Coleridge, is one that is borne out at every turn: "I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known greater poets than he is, but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with." We get a similar impression of the validity of Mr. Ward's conclusion that De Vere was "a personality which for spiritual beauty, both of mind and character, and for the completeness in it of the poetic temperament, must be allowed to be one of very great interest."

The interest is obviously enhanced by the fact that Mr. de Vere's literary and religious thought and feeling attracted him to many leading minds. His intercourse with these contributes some of the most justifying pages of the book. We might weary of him were he not so often met in the company of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, Browning, Newman or some other of a score of men of whom we cannot read too much. His letters to and from them, his conversations with and impressions of them, are among the best things in this kind. And while Mr. Ward's interest in him is principally on account of his idealistic Roman Catholic apologetics, many who remain cold to these will glow with kindly warmth over the pages of literary correspondence, criticism, and reminiscence. His literary affiliations so made for breadth and sympathy that to the last he was a Broad Churchman in the inclusiveness of his friendships and appreciations. Even within the narrower ecclesiastical limits he could but hold his creed in a spirit of genial tolerance for those with whom he had some time walked in cordial fellowship. As Newmanite or Romanist, he must still think tenderly of Maurice and of Maurice's master, Coleridge. For him, as for Renan, the bells of the sunken city of Is made a sweet music.

There may be little in a name, but Mr. de Vere's baptismal name, Aubrey Thomas Hunt, has certainly a less poetical connotation than that for which it was changed on his father's accession to a baronetcy in 1831. The son was then seventeen years old. His mind matured rapidly, and his letters at this time would do credit to a trained intelligence. An early enthusiasm for Byron soon passed to a deeper for Wordsworth, of whose school he came to be a foremost representative, yet from the start rejecting Wordsworth's theory of poetic subject and diction, and never making himself liable to Walter Bagehot's characterization of Keble as "Wordsworth and water." His religious history was largely determined in its course by his reverence for great and good men, representing widely different schools of thought." "Persisting from the first in reverent worship of the greatest thoughts in each, he was untouched by their difference and even by their mutual opposition." His father destined him for the priesthood, and his own assent was cordial, but something held him back, and he never could make up his mind to take the fatal step. However, he went to Cambridge and Oxford and to Rome, as if he would prove all things and hold fast to the best. These protracted visits made impressions that were never wholly overworn.

It was Rome that triumphed in the end, but not till he had held out for some years against Newman's attraction to his new faith; not until after Manning's conversion, and not, apparently, much influenced by that. R. H. Hutton always complained that De Vere's Roman Church was not the actual

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institution, but a creation of his own imagination; and the complaint impresses us as just. One gets from this story a fresh conviction of the plasticity of religious systems to the stress of individual needs, men finding in one system or another that which they import, the echo of their private wish or whim. Mr. De Vere's religious mind was much the same through all his course. He did not use his intellect for the discovery of truth, but for the ingenious recommendation of those things which had for him a poetical attraction. His outward life afforded an agreeable symbol of the continuity of his spiritual experience. It was associated with beautiful surroundings and a pleasant home. Death found him in the room which he had occupied when a boy.

Mr. Ward regrets that De Vere's acquaintance with Wordsworth, which began in 1841, adds so little to our important knowledge of the elder poet, whose foibles are more emphasized than his exhibitions of genius. "He talks in a manner very peculiar. As for duration, it is from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same." It took him fifteen years to discover his daughter's affection for Mr. Quillinan, and several more for him to adjust his mind to the discovery and consent to the marriage. He was very glad to meet any one "so capable of appreciating his poetry" as De Vere. He called Sydney Smith "a miserable old man." After praising his wife's many virtues, he went on gravely and emphatically, "And it was, perhaps, her greatest quality that she never molested me in my affection for other women." De Vere could not repress his smile, and Wordsworth went on combatively, "If she *had*, Mr. de Vere, let me tell you, it would have been in the highest degree offensive to me." In a less "personal talk" he said, "New thoughts, however deep, are not the staple of poetry, but old thoughts presented with immortal freshness and a kind of inspired felicity of diction." Wordsworth's worst line, in De Vere's opinion, "is that in which he calls our great Mahometan Poet, 'Holiest of Men.'" By "our great Mahometan Poet" Milton is intended. Milton has a peculiarly irritating effect on the High Churchman and the Romanist. Avignon was a poisoned place for Faber because of a visit that Milton made there in 1638.

In London, where he made occasional visits, De Vere met Whewell, Hallam, Macaulay, Milman, Tennyson, Taylor, and many other celebrities. Of Macaulay we read:

"His mind is evidently a very *robust* one; it has also ardor enough to fuse together into new combinations the mass of strange and disorderly knowledge with which his great memory litters him. But I could perceive in it no trace of originality, depth, breadth, elevation, subtlety, comprehensiveness, spirituality—in one word, none of the attributes of greatness."

Carlyle interested him, but very painfully: "It seems to me as if he had begun by believing what he now only repeats by heart, and once loved the virtues of which he continues to hate the opposite vices." Of Mrs. Browning he says: "I wish she had less ambition, or rather more of a nobler sort, that of writing like a woman of genius—as she is—not like a man." Browning judged very kindly his "bowing down in the house of Rimmon," saying, "I am never tired of sunrises." "Moonrises" would have been more apt. Sir James Stephen was less complacent, and struck out from the shoulder in his characteristic fashion. De Vere's friendship with Sir Henry Taylor was of the closest kind, and their correspondence abounds in admirable criticism and in valuable comment upon persons and affairs. Of Tennyson there are many glimpses, some of them uncommonly significant. One of them is through a cloud of tobacco smoke in the small hours of the night, the poet "crooning his magnificent elegies." This one goes much deeper:

"Tennyson, when he showed me his 'In Memoriam' in MS., used to mark with his fingers some three or four stanzas apart from the rest, and say, 'There! do you not see the substance of the poem is in these stanzas? The rest only dilute it and spoil *its shape*.' Accordingly, he would cancel them though just as beautiful as those he left."

De Vere's temper was more social than recluse. Least of all had he any sympathy with "ascetic detachment" from one's family and friends. Young Herbert Vaughan, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, had arrived at this altitude when De Vere burst out indignantly, "I really believe that if some one told you that your father, mother, and brothers had been burned to death in the next room, you would simply ring for the servant to clear away the ashes." Not only was he social and domestic, but he had much public spirit and humanity. He threw himself with great ardor and efficiency into the sea of troubles caused by the Irish famine. He followed up his philanthropic efforts with a book on 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds,' which was both "much admired and severely handled." Characteristic answers are given from Mill and Carlyle. Mill would rely less on emigration, more on improved land-tenures. Carlyle would have it understood that "the millions of our multitudinous populations are, and must remain, *slaves*, whom it is the cruellest injustice to call or treat by any other name." Our civil war found De Vere perfectly comprehending, with Mill and Bright, that "those who fought against secession fought against slavery," and he poured out his sympathy to Charles Eliot Norton, for more than thirty years a valued correspondent. His doubts of Fenian methods did not prevent his recognition of the wrongs at which the Fenians blindly struck, and he urged on Gladstone the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but would have had its funds used for religious purposes, to the advantage of both Catholics and Protestants. Here Gladstone disappointed him, and more as time went on and De Vere's sympathies gravitated very naturally to the landlord class, of which he was a lifelong pensioner. He could see nothing but "Jacobinism" in the politics of Parnell and his friends. In a letter of July 27, 1882 (p. 346), we have an elaborate estimate of Gladstone which is the more interesting because it contrasts so sharply with Lord Acton's famous estimate in one of his letters to Mrs. Drew. But Lord Acton's Catholicism was as different from De Vere's as his feelings about Gladstone.

As De Vere grew older, seventy, eighty, eighty-eight, he became more and more "subdued to settled quiet." He had long since given up the hope of poetic fame, a hope that had been very dear to him. "I wonder how people feel," he wrote to Sir Henry Taylor, "who write with hope." He smilingly averred that his poems "could never be forgotten, because they had never been remembered." But, though never popular, they made many friends, and such as might well comfort a man's heart. Mr. Ward takes over from Mr. Edmund Gosse a delightful account of De Vere's appearance in 1897, when he was eighty-three years old: "He had an ecclesiastical air, like that of some highly cultivated, imaginative old *abbé*. He possessed a sort of distinguished innocence, a maidenly vivacious brightness, very charming and surprising." Mr. Ellis Yarnall's 'Wordsworth and the Coleridges' was one of the last books that appealed to him. He died January 21, 1902, having been in good health on his eighty-eighth birthday, eleven days before.

THE ATTIC CULT OF DIONYSUS.

Le Culte de Dionysos en Attique. Par M. Paul Foucart. Paris: C. Klincksieck. 1904.

In this essay M. Paul Foucart introduces order and light into a very obscure and complicated subject. Dionysus appears in Greek myth in a strange and, on the whole, exotic character. He is generally represented as coming from the East; he is a deity who is born and dies; according to some legends he was torn in pieces by the Titans and his remains were collected and buried by Apollo. His tomb was shown at Delphi with the inscription, "Here lies Dionysus, son of Semele." Five different deities bore his name, originating at different periods in Crete, in Egypt, in Thrace, and in Thebes respectively. In the "Bacchæ" of Euripides he advances from Asia Minor, and makes conquests of the opponents of his ritual; but he is a native Greek product, born in Thebes, and destined to regain honor in his own country by his miracles and his judgment on the unbelieving Pentheus.

Amidst this confusion of myth and character, to search for a clue by the aid of the poets or the artists leads to nothing certain, for each of these treats the myths according to his own convenience or the exigencies of his art, and is guided by no system or theology. There is, in fact, no theology, and the poet serenely mingles and confounds the most diverse legends without feeling called to offer any reconciliation. In these fluctuations the only safe anchor to tie to is that of ritual. Ritual is fixed by tradition and stereotyped formulæ, repeated year after year; it is intended to embody the experiences and adventures of the deity. The portrayal of these will place the worshipper *en rapport* with the deity, will enable him to imitate and repeat the experience and to place himself under his control and inspiration, to appeal for his favor and protection. This is the object, for example, of the Thracian orgies on the mountain-tops, pictured so beautifully in the "Bacchæ." In these the mænad tries to attain that state of trance or ecstasy, that possession by the deity, which is the aim of the fakirs and howling dervishes of the Orient. The mænad, when possessed by the deity, borrows his power and works his miracles; in like manner, the shouting de-

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votee of the camp meeting expects miracles of divine grace to descend upon him.

Now the permanence of ceremonial rites, the fixity of their forms, possessed a certain magic efficacy, which was imperilled by the slightest deviation. They were retained, therefore, unaltered, century after century, even when their original signification became forgotten or misunderstood. To analyze them, to trace out obscure hints, to disengage their various threads and sources, is the process from which a fruitful and solid result may be expected; and in pursuing this process M. Foucart has not hestitated to avail himself of recent discoveries in Egypt and Crete. The close relations between Egypt and the Ægean coasts and islands can no longer be denied; they extended even to Mycenæ and Eleusis. In the tombs of these regions have been found repeated specimens of statues, pottery, and scarabæi, bearing cartouches of the 12th, the 13th, and the 18th dynasties. Were these objects simply bric-à-brac and curiosities, collected by the buried chieftains? The supposition is absurd. Doubtless they were considered (as they were in Egypt) as amulets possessing a protective force. A statuette of Isis was found in one of the earliest tombs of the necropolis of Eleusis; and this fact points to the chief thesis of M. Foucart's essay, viz., that the Dionysus worshipped at Eleusis, and associated with Demeter, formed with that goddess a pair identical originally with Isis and Osiris, and that their cult was introduced into Attica from Egypt about the 15th century B. C. So felicitous is his reasoning, so fortified by the various strands of history, of tradition, and of archæology, that it gives something of the pleasure that is afforded by a very neat and clear mathematical demonstration. It causes a solid little island to emerge out of the vague and watery waste of mythological speculation and interpretation. For this reason a brief sketch of his arguments and method as applied to a single case may be interesting, in spite of some technicalities.

The Attic festival of the Anthesteria was a singular combination of our Mardi Gras and "All Saints' Day." The celebration of the most important day (the 12th) was accompanied by some extraordinary and mysterious observances, and these took place in the ancient temple of "Dionysus of the Marshes." On this day alone was the temple opened, which during the rest of the year remained absolutely closed, enshrining the body of the deceased Dionysus. The ceremonies were performed by the wife of the Archon Basileus, aided by fourteen ladies (called *gerairai*) and by a priestly delegate from Eleusis. These fourteen officials made sacrifice to Dionysus at fourteen altars, each depositing on her own altar a relic of the deity, and repeating certain formulæ at the dictation of the functionary from Eleusis. These relics were next conveyed to the Queen-Archon, whose duty it was to readjust them and to restore to life again the body thus collected. This final function she discharged in the *cella*, whither none might follow her, by a ritual in which no one participated. The deity restored to life and arrayed in festal garb is next conveyed to the "Boucolion," where the ceremony of a "Sacred Marriage" is transacted with the Queen-Archon. The wedding night ended, the statue of the deity is once more conveyed to the "Temple of the Marshes," where it is dismembered, the fragments replaced in the respective coffers, to repose in the temple, which remains closed till Anthesterion 12th of the next year. In this ritual, the Queen-Archon personifies and plays the rôle of Demeter herself, who, according to the legend, collected and restored to life the fragments of Dionysus after his mutilation by the Titans.

Now the whole aspect of this tradition and ritual is, as we have said, exotic. The conception of a deity subject to death is foreign to the Greek mind; with Homer the deities are "the immortals." Whence, too, arise the twice seven altars, and the bizarre legend of mutilation and resuscitation? On Greek soil, these offer a riddle which has no solution. The key to this riddle is offered satisfactorily and in detail by the Egyptian observances of the month Choiak. Plutarch records that the body of Osiris was concealed by Isis, but was found by Typhon and cut into fourteen pieces, which he scattered and hid in various places throughout Egypt. These precious relics were found by Isis, after long search, adjusted together, and restored to life by magic incantations. Such a miracle was quite in accord with Egyptian sentiment and belief, and the story of the miracle is enacted and represented in the ritual of Tentyris for the great festival of Osiris in the month Choiak. The Egyptian list enumerates the fourteen divine members, the reunion of which constitutes the body of the deity. Each of these relics was enshrined in a special sanctuary and guarded by a special amulet from the attacks of enemies. The union of these members, the restoration of the deity to life (the resuscitation of the deity), and his marriage to Isis constitute the chief features of the great festival of the month Choiak. Here we find the prototype and the explanation of the fourteen altars at the Temple of the Marshes, with their fourteen acolytes, and of the ceremony of the sacred marriage. The figures which are meaningless in the Greek story are accounted for in Egypt; the union of Isis-Demeter to Dionysus is a type and commemoration of the institution of marriage for mankind. The ceremony on the 12th of Anthesterion is a duplicate in miniature of the great feast of Osiris in the month Choiak. The general functions and sphere of each deity are the same in each country; the details are somewhat modified or accentuated in Greece.

A coincidence so complete and striking between the indications afforded by early tradition, as reported by Apollodorus, Herodotus, Diodorus, and Plutarch, by the details of ritual, and by the most recent developments of archæology, amounts almost to demonstration. So far as proof is possible in such matters, we have it here; and we may conclude that the Eleusinian cult of Dionysus and Demeter was introduced into Attica either directly by Egyptian colonists, or indirectly by way of Crete.

There are many minute points which corroborate M. Foucart's conclusion as to the Dionysus who was worshipped in Eleusis and at the ancient Shrine of the Marshes. When, however, Dionysus is mentioned as an Attic deity in the classic period, it is the god of tragedy that naturally comes to mind, the patron deity of the Attic theatre who had his temple close by the great Dionysiac theatre and was called Dionysus of Eleutheræ. In the palmy days of Athens his prestige vastly exceeded that of the venerable Shrine in the Marshes. He became in Athens a rival of Apollo, and the ancients ascribed to him the invention of the dramatic art. But in fact the obscure deity of the little deme of Eleutheræ was at first a colorless personage, without history or marked attributes. His introduction to the city by Pisistratus, and his association with the dramatic representations, were the beginning of his fame and his vogue. His fortune was made by the great tragedians and comedians of the Attic stage: his lustre was borrowed from the splendor of their poetry; he was, in a way, their creation. His birth, so to speak, dates from the institution by Pisistratus of the city "Dionysia" and from the representations which reacted on his prestige. From that date he begins to appropriate to himself the companionship of the Muses and the honor of Apollo. The guilds of actors and the poets adopt him as their patron saint, and he eclipses almost totally the venerable name and shrine of "Dionysus in the Marshes."

The Correspondence of William Cowper. Arranged in chronological order, with annotations. By Thomas Wright. 4 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

The mantle of the late Alexander Grosart, that exuberant and indefatigable editor, seems in the way to fall upon the more slender shoulders of Mr. Thomas Wright. Mr. Wright is already known as the author of 'Go; or, How to Succeed in Life'; of the memoirs of several literary characters, toward whom he has been drawn by the perilous attraction of their intellectual unlikeness to himself, and of other spacious works. In the four handsome volumes of his edition of 'The Correspondence of Cowper,' however, he shows himself an antiquarian and editor of real ability. He does, indeed, occasionally give way to his bent for pregnant phrase, as where he tersely speaks of "the beautiful, cultured, idealizing, vivacious, and papilionaceous Lady Austen." Sometimes he is extravagant in his judgments, as where he says of Newton that, "a poet, a wit, and a man of warm heart, he was precisely the companion for the poetical, witty, and affectionate Cowper," and that "Newton and his wife were a second Pliny and Calpurnia." The morbid influence of Newton upon the author of "The Task" has doubtless been exaggerated; yet there are few readers to-day, we imagine, who can be brought to share so amiable a view of his overwarm personality, or agree that he was "precisely the companion" for so sensitive and refined a spirit as Cowper. Yet, despite such faults, and there are many of them, Mr. Wright has succeeded in producing the best edition of Cowper's letters that we have.

Of the incontestable merits of his edition, Mr. Wright, who is quite competent and *très content de lui*, may be allowed to speak in person:

"Of entirely new letters, then, many will be found in these pages, including the three earliest known and a fine series to Mrs. Throckmorton. Seventy-two letters of Cowper to Teedon are referred to in Teedon's *Diary*, and I have the satisfaction of

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being able to say that not a single item of this series has escaped my net.

"My annotations should be helpful."

The first paragraph of this promise is entirely made good. Of the 1,041 letters in the collection, 105, and those among the best, were wholly unpublished. The chronological order, now for the first time introduced into the mass of Cowper's correspondence, is seen to be productive, both of biographical illumination and of the reader's pleasure. There are also copious chronological tables of the chief events in the poet's life; and there is an elaborate table in six columns, giving the date of each letter, the name of the person to whom it was addressed, the first words of it, the *locus* of its first publication, and its place in the present edition. In short, for a serious reader, already well informed about Cowper and capable of forming his own judgments, Mr. Wright's edition is nearly all that could be desired.

Unfortunately, his annotation is scarcely contrived to be so helpful as he anticipates. He knows his Olney thoroughly, and his local antiquarianism is never at fault, but his instinct for the significant and helpful fact is dull. To take but a single example: with the first letter of the important new series to Mrs. Throckmorton we have this note depending from the heading: "Wife of Mr. John Throckmorton, who, on the death of Sir Robert Throckmorton in 1791, succeeded to the baronetcy." How much more helpful Mr. Wright would have been to the average reader had he vouchsafed the information that the Throckmortons were Catholics, and in many points of culture and temperament significant friends for Cowper (against the fervid exhortations of Newton) to win. In the elucidation of the literary allusions which Cowper sometimes employs, Mr. Wright is all to seek.

It is perhaps ungracious to carp at minor defects in a work so full of excellent entertainment and instruction, but in an edition of a writer so perfectly classic as Cowper such slight blemishes are particularly annoying; and it may be said of carping as Cowper himself writes quite soberly to Bull of "scratching," that "it is a good exercise, promotes the circulation, and elicits the humors."

How agreeable the new letters are may be seen from this to Lady Throckmorton:

THE LODGE, Feb. 19, 1791.

DEAR MRS. FROG:

I will be very good to you and will send you a letter, though you delay so long to answer my last, and to tell me who was the author of the fine verses I sent you lately, and how much you admire them.

I was in hope that by this time you would have won your ten guineas at commerce, and have flown upon the wings of good fortune back to Weston; methinks you are a long time about it, but if you have not won so much, I hope at least that you have taken care not to lose it; as for me I grow rich, and have at this three guineas before me which my poetry, such is its power of attraction, has drawn into my desk from the distance of three miles and a half. I question if Orpheus ever performed such a feat in his life. It is Mr. Wrighte's subscription money to my Homer, which he sent me the other day by the hands of Joe Rye, by whom he told me also that he should have paid me much sooner had he not feared to offend my delicacy. Now I wish him to know that my delicacy is never offended by the receipt of money; on the contrary, I esteem the want of money, commonly called Poverty, the most indelicate thing in the world; and so did the ancient Romans, who therefore always annex to the word *paupertas* an epithet expressing their abhorrence of it, such, for instance, as *squalida*, or *sordida*, or some such reproachful appellation.

But it was not with an intention to say this or any part of this at present, [*sic* in Wright] I meant only to relate to you a pretty little story of Tom, for I know it will do your heart good to hear it. You will remember, perhaps, if you have not forgotten in the hurry of other matters, that you lately sent a gown to be made at Weston. Nannie Morley carried it to the nursery, and being seated there, said—"Tom," or "Master Gifford," rather, "this is your aunt's gown." Which he no sooner heard, than walking up to it and taking a fold of it, he kissed it. I made the doctor swear that he would not tell this anecdote, because I resolved to have the pleasure of telling it to you myself.

Give my best love to Mr. Frog, and my compliment to Messrs. Cruisé and Pitcairne when you see them, and believe me sincerely, yours, WM. COWPER.

Tom and Tit are both in good health. Mrs. W. sends her best respects. Remember me to William.

It must be said that, as we look through this complete chronologically arranged collection of Cowper's correspondence, we doubt a little the validity of what Mr. Wright takes to be the universal acknowledgment that Cowper is "the greatest of English letter-writers." For easy grace, perfect lack of self-consciousness, and lightness of wit he is certainly unsurpassed. Yet in point and finish, in virile broadness and intellectual variety, he must yield to Gray, just as his letters miss the tang of eccentric individuality that delights us in FitzGerald's, and make the gentle poet of Olney seem a little pale beside the Laird of Littlegrange. If Cowper *be* the greatest of English letter-writers, it is because he was the most sympathetic of correspondents. In none other is the mutuality of letter-writing so strong, and there is no other body of letters in English so little egoistical, so fulfilled of the personalities of the persons addressed.

The League of the Ho-De-No-Sau-Nee or Iroquois. By Lewis H. Morgan. A new edition, with additional matter, edited and annotated by Herbert M. Lloyd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904. With two maps, two full-page colored illustrations, many others, and a portrait of the author.

When, in 1846, Lewis H. Morgan read before the New York Historical Society his paper on the "Constitutional Government of the Six Nations," he little thought how far this first glance at the social life and organization of an Indian community would lead him. The results of practical study of tribes that were virtually his neighbors, however, opened a perspective to his inquisitive mind which became so fascinating that the very next year an amplification of his essay appeared under the title of 'Letters on the Iroquois, by Skenandoah,' which in turn became, four years later, enlarged to the important book, 'The League of the Ho-do-no-sau-nee or Iroquois,' that will stand for ever as a model of ethnographic description of peoples only a part of whose life has come under actual observation. It is gratifying to record that the value of the model has been fully recognized, on this side of the Atlantic at least; the many studies of Indian customs and Indian life, past as well as present, since the 'League of the Iroquois' appeared, having followed the lines traced in so masterly a fashion by Mr. Morgan.

He was the first to show the value of close personal inspection of Indian life by an honest attempt to enter into Indian thought—the only way to raise American ethnology above the level of servile addiction to traditional methods and conceptions borrowed from other continents. He was the first, for instance, to point out the radical differences in social organization that separate American Indian society from the Eastern. He came to this but gradually. In the 'Letters on the Iroquois' he had not yet a clear idea of the Indian clans or *gentes*, calling them "tribes." In the 'League,' the nature of the "gens" is fully portrayed, with its ethnologic bearings upon American topics especially, since it is on this continent that the gentile system maintains its widest spread and can be studied as a system still in vigor. The gentile organization among the Iroquois as presented by Morgan appeared almost an anomaly. His explanation of it, as the result of a system of consanguinity, was looked upon, in Europe and in England, as a species of heresy, or, at best, as innocent hallucination. If, even at present, there is still a certain reluctance, on the other side of the Atlantic, to concede to the American clans their full importance in the life and culture of the tribes they constitute or constituted, it is due mostly to the total absence of practical acquaintance with the Indian, and to a lack of desire to approach him close enough for practical study.

Protracted observation of and penetration into Indian nature led Morgan to the discoveries first fully set forth in the 'League.' But he was not oblivious of his duty to inquire whether he had not, perhaps, had predecessors in the field. This led him to seek for documentary information, and he often acknowledged, orally as well as in his writings, the confirmation met with in Lafitau, Charlevoix, and other Jesuit writers and in early English narratives, among which he had a certain predilection for mentioning the quaint work of James Adair, although he was by no means blind to its uncouth eccentricities. The perusal of these and similar sources induced Morgan to undertake the monumental task of investigating the systems of consanguinity of the human family in general, a task which, supported by the Smithsonian Institution, he carried out as far as his resources permitted at the time. In the results of these labors, displayed in his most compendious work, 'Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family' (1871), he succeeded, to say the least, in proving the prevalence of gentile organization among the aborigines of America.

Morgan was well aware that the feature of clanship was not common to all Indians. He fully recognized its absence among Prairie Indians, in part. His explanation of it leads us to another work of his, of lesser compass though not less important, but comparatively little known. The 'Indian Migrations' appeared more than a year before the 'Systems of Consanguinity,' as a pair of essays in the *North American Review*. They were reprinted in the 'Indian Miscellany' in 1877. In these two essays Morgan, perhaps for the first time, clearly and forcibly illustrates the indispensability of connecting physical geography with eth-

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nographic studies. 'Ancient Society' and 'Houses and House Life of the American Aborigines' were his last productions of magnitude. In both of these, the influence of the 'League' is apparent; his exhaustive work on the Iroquois was the starting-point and the basis for all subsequent labors.

The 'League' had a limited issue, and for many years remained unattainable. By republishing it, in a form and dress making of the reprint very nearly a facsimile of the original, Mr. Herbert M. Lloyd has conferred a lasting benefit on earnest students of American ethnology. He has placed within their reach a book of far wider scope than its modest compass seems to indicate, and offering points of comparison with Indian clusters too often artificially isolated from the remainder of the aborigines of America, being fancifully placed at a level so high as to warrant such a separation. The 'League of the Iroquois' remains invaluable for its fund of material for contrasting many features in Indian society, past and present, all over the two Americas, and for their explanation on the basis of practical fact. Mr. Lloyd's expert labors were so much appreciated that the first edition was disposed of as soon as it left the press. The work now becomes procurable by the general bookbuyer.

How to Identify Old China. By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.

We have this year to add to the important, and in a sense exhaustive, books on English pottery and porcelain of William Burton and M. L. Solon a small handbook which bears a curiously general title for its very limited subject. Neither title nor preface suggests the fact that it is limited to English ware, nor, on the other hand, reveals the curiously liberal significance which the author gives to the word "china." What do we mean by china? We mean porcelain, assuredly, in every case, except where children and serving-maids speak in the most careless fashion of the dishes and plates which are in the cupboard. This book, however, deals with pottery as well as with porcelain, and includes Wedgwood and various Staffordshire wares which make no pretence at being translucent or delicate in their make, such as the salt-glaze ware of the Astbury pottery and the Elers pottery, which are indeed stoneware, and not very delicately modelled or very minute in finish.

So much it is necessary to say by way of calling attention to the somewhat amateurish tone of the book under consideration; but if the statements and qualifications of the text be compared with the wares in question, the general tone will be found just and appreciative, and the statements trustworthy. As for identification of old pieces, the prospect held out is no more to be taken seriously than similar ones in other titles of the day. The chapter "To Help the Amateur," contains a few obvious hints, but leaves the reader in doubt as to the use of "the microscope" in this pursuit. The illustrations alone may suffice to help in this important matter of identification. There are forty half-tone plates, each one showing from two to seven pieces of the ware; or, if the group of Nantgarw be taken as an example, there are thirteen pieces in the picture, even if we count a cup and saucer as one piece. Plate XIV., indeed, gives the whole interior of a cabinet full of Bristol china with an indefinitely great number of pieces, but that hardly counts, as the illustrations are too small to be useful to the student, and as the plate can only be taken as showing the great variety of forms discoverable in the porcelain of that one factory. It will be seen that the supply of illustrations is abundant for an inexpensive publication, and we are not conscious of making serious objection to the book in remarking that it will not help anybody very much to identify doubtful pieces, for where is the book that can really be of help in this particular? Experience, the experience of one's own mistakes, added to the keen eye and quick judgment of the born collector, are the qualifications to keep one from error in this pursuit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ade, George. True Bills. Harpers. $1.
Aldrich, Richard. A Guide to Parsifal. Oliver Ditson Co. $1.
Altsheler, Joseph A. Guthrie of the Times. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
American Familiar Verse. Edited by Brander Matthews. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.
Baring-Gould, S. A Book of Ghosts. Putnams. $1.50.
Barnes, James. The Unpardonable War. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Black, Hugh. The Practice of Self-Culture. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Henry Frowde.
Burnham, Clara Louise. Jewel's Story Book. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Burroughs, John. Far and Near. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. Little Metacomet. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents net.
Chapman, Sydney J. Work and Wages. Part I. Foreign Competition. Longmans, Green & Co.
Chatterbox for 1904. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25.
Conway, Moncure Daniel. Autobiography. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6 net.
Dante's Divine Comedy. The Inferno. A translation and commentary by Marvin R. Vincent. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Deland, Margaret. The Common Way. Harpers. $1.25 net.
Evans, Charles. Notes on the Psalter. Dutton. $2 net.
Farnam, Elbert E. Along the Nile with General Grant. Grafton Press. $2.50 net.
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Harrison, Frederic. Theophano. Harpers. $1.50.
Hawkes, Clarence. Stories of the Good Greenwood. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents net.
Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. VIII. Leon-Moravia. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Kingsley, Charles. The Heroes. Dutton. $2.50.
Knox, George William. Japanese Life in Town and Country. Putnams. $1.20 net.
Leonard, Mary F. It All Came True. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cents net.
Lounsbery, G. Constant. Delilah. Scott-Thaw Co. $1.25 net.
Milton's Poetical Works. Edited by H. C. Beeching. Henry Frowde.
Mitford, Mary Russell. Our Village. Dutton.
Nicolls, William Jasper. A Dreamer in Paris: Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. $1 net.
O'Connor, William D. Heroes of the Storm. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Peary, Robert E. Snowland Folk. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.20.
Richards, Laura E. The Merryweathers. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.25.
Richards, Rosalind. The Nursery Fire. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Smith, Adam. The Wealth of Nations. Edited by E. Cannan. 2 vols. Putnams. $6 net.
Smith, Alice Prescott. Off the Highway. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Songs of Motherhood. Selected by Elizabeth J. Huckel. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Songs of the Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Scott-Thaw Co. 50 cents net.
Stoddard, Charles Warren. The Island of Tranquil Delights. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co. $1 net.
Storm's In St. Jürgen. Edited by J. H. Beckmann. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Stubbs, Charles William. Cambridge and Its Story. Dutton. $8 net.
Sturgis, Russell. The Appreciation of Sculpture. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
Talbot, Annie R. Bobby and Bobbinette. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
Tennyson's Holy Grail. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Turner, J. M. W. Liber Studiorum. Imported by Scribners. $4 net.
Valdès's Los Puritanos y Otros Cuentos. Edited by W. T. Faulkner. William R. Jenkins.
Van Dyke, Henry Music, and Other Poems. Scribners.
Walker, Margaret C Our Birds and their Nestlings. American Book Co.
White, Mary. How to Make Pottery. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.
Whiton, Helen Isabel. Parsifal and Galahad. Thomas Whitaker.
Williams, Clara Andrews. Mammy' Li'l' Chilluns. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.
Winans, Walter. Hints on Revolver Shooting. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.
Words of Koheleth. Translated by John Franklin Genung. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
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